

# CAVALCADE

*Sept. 13*



Wickedest man in the world

— Page 66



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# Cavalcade

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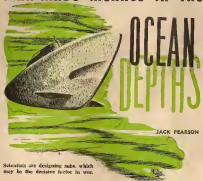
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# MAN-MADE MENACE IN THE



Submarines are designing subs, which may be the decisive factor in war.

WHEN—400 and odd years ago—that old Indian man-of-war-trader and master-of-themself, Leonardo da Vinci, sat down to write in his secret Journal, he was under no delusions as to the grim potential of submarine warfare.

"How can he (man) stay under water?" he wondered. "How but by means of a certain machine . . . That (and it is one of the most pregnant 'yet') in history! I do not publish or divulge it by reason of the evil nature of men, who would use it as a means of destruction at the bottom

of the sea, by placing a hole in the bottom (of ships) and sinking them with men in them."

The idea he permitted himself—and then only "because there is no harm in this"—was a hint that his "machine" would be fitted with "a tube above water by which you can breathe."

But Master Leonardo might have saved himself his precautions. He had given posterity the idea of the periscope . . . and other land-lubbers' needs were not slow to follow his lead.

As long ago as 1776, an American underwater craft attacked a British man-of-war in the Delaware River. And, from that moment, the development of the submarine has gone literally from strength to strength.

World War I saw the sub travel the best glimpse of its terrible possibilities when German U-boats brought Britain to the verge of starvation.

World War II, saw the battle increased in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and through the fight ended as favor of the democracies, it is very significant that—in the Atlantic, at all events—the periscope was, by the time of Hitler's defeat, swinging back to the side of the Nazis.

To-day, the submarine menace is more vicious than it has ever been before.

The fondest dream of every Nazi has always been the "true submarine"

... an underwater vessel which never needs to surface to recharge its batteries and has no betraying breathing apparatus. There is now every indication that—often with the aid of those very scientists who despised the fact that Hitler never had the chance to complete—this ideal is out of the dream stage.

The name "snorkel" . . . a sub, based on plans captured from the Nazis . . . is already a common-place.

The actual "snorkel" (from which the sub takes its name) is merely a means of providing air while the vessel is cruising at periscope depth. It comprises two cylindrical tubes (something like a periscope, but of much larger diameter—one for intake, the other for exhaust). At present, most "snorkels" are fitted with diesel engines. The intake provides air for these engines which in pre-war days could be used only for surface cruising. The exhaust tube,

on the other hand, carries exhaust gases out of the submarine and into the sea. These tubes allow the sub to remain at a depth of 50 to 60 feet.

The "snorkel" aids, therefore, no longer surface at night to recharge its batteries (as old-time subs were forced to do). At "snorkel" depth, it can remain submerged more or less indefinitely. Germans have cruised below surface for 30 days, recently, a "paper-snorkel" traveled underwater from Hong Kong to Pearl Harbor . . . 3,000 miles . . . in 21 days! Then, the "snorkel" is a true "submersible ship."

It is also virtually undetectable. When cruising, only the end of the periscope and the "snorkel's" tip show above water. Radar waves do not penetrate water. That means that a "snorkel"—if it showed up at all—would appear merely as almost indistinguishable dots on the radar eye of the radar screen.

The same applies to air observation. From a four-engine plane, the thin wake of a "snorkel" would be for all practical purposes invisible.

Yet—lethal as the "snorkel" may be—it seems slow to menaces compared with improved subs, which modern scientists have in mind.

The great obstacle to the creation of a true "submersible ship" has always been the mass of machinery with which submarines have had to be equipped. That obstacle is gradually being overcome.

In America, for example, the bulky old-time diesels are being replaced after by the so-called Walter Engines or the German Kriehlowl engine.

The Walter engine is a German development which uses hydrogen peroxide as its motive power. It is said to be capable of producing emergency speeds of at least 20 knots.

The Kriehlowl engine seems even

were efficient and economical. It is a device which uses its own exhaust gases supplemented by injections of pure oxygen from oxygen tanks.

This device permits deep underwater operation far beyond the limits of the "snorkel" breathing device. A submarine so equipped would leave the ocean depths as its breathing ceased at its taking place. There it could lurk in secrecy, if not comfort, for days on end.

Yet both of these rules pail before the "atom-powered" sub, which Britain and the United States are trying to develop.

The real potentialities of such craft can scarcely be calculated.

There cruising range, for example, would be almost beyond conception. They could roam the Seven Seas and perform feats that now seem impossible. Without need for the huge 600-ton factories present into mass, energy with no need for diesel engines or the oil to feed them, there is no telling what purposes these "atom-subs" might not serve.

Indeed, the trend is already clear. America—and, no doubt, all other maritime nations—may witness on plans for the navy roles which the sub of the future will fill.

At least two U.S. submarines have been converted into "underwater transports." They are claimed to be capable of carrying more than 100 troops, plus amphibious landing craft housed in a large deck tank aft.

Another U.S. sub. has been transformed into "an underwater cargo ship"; still another has become an underwater oil tanker . . . a "midget cow," as the German type was called.

Four more subs. have become (or are becoming) "packet craft." Hedge submarines have been fitted on masts and decks, torpedo tubes have been removed, and the after compartment

has been redesigned as a combat intelligence center. Yet, despite their medium-like antennas, these ships can still dive for protection. They will be used to detect enemy planes or to control their own fighting aircraft.

A submarine "packed attack ship" has been constructed, able to discharge a modified German V1 flying bomb when ordered. (A guided missile recently flew over 25 U.S. warships and was apparently destroyed by two anti-air darts.)

Moreover, the sub of the future will obviously be armed with newer and more murderous weapons . . . both offensive and defensive.

On the defensive side, higher speeds and strengthened pressure hulls are enabling submarines to drive much deeper than the customary 400 feet or so. More efficient breathing gear permits them to be at sea longer for longer and longer periods. More and more sensitive sound gear allows them to detect enemy ships at further and further distances.

On the offensive side, the submarine's striking power is daily being increased and its vulnerability decreased. Torpedoes carrying up to 1,000 lbs. of more and more powerful "electric" "bouncing" warheads (which home on wake and "boom" automatically on the target and being produced. With the sub, torpedoes are swiftly ramming their range. The sub's depth-charge now runs deeper than the majority of their prey. For torphilo-ous operations, "rocket launching" subs, which will combine accuracy of underwater approach, long range and heavy striking power) are specified. And the end is not yet.

But what accurate measures are available and how effective are they?

There are, of course, many methods for the spot submarine. "Sonar,"

for example, sends out high-frequency sound-waves which will bounce back at echoes from a sub. "Hedge-buoy" (on the same principle) can be striven over wide areas to warn ships and planes. But "hedge" is relatively useless against a sub using torphilo of a range greater than "hedge's" range. And "hedge-buoy" cannot cover the immense areas over which even a "snorkel" can roam.

Planes may be fitted with radar or "RAD" to recognize submarine detection, but the "snorkel" has already whirled down much of the plane's usefulness.

On the other hand, the U.S. Navy Ordnance Bureau has tested a new-type anti-submarine rocket that takes off from a shipboard launcher at "terrific speed" and "picks a job shattering enough to blow any sub, out of the water."

New types of large surface ships are being built, designed for the first time as anti-submarine vessels—7,000-ton "cruiser-killers" which will be equipped with all the latest devices.

And, above all, there is the "killer sub" . . . a fast anti-submarine type known to the U.S. Navy as the "guppy snorkel." Streamlined and stripped of all deck guns or other handicaps to underwater travel, the "guppy snorkel" is designed to take up where previous undersea fleets have left off. It will seek its prey in the ocean

depths and its victims will be its sister-ships.

Whether these measures will succeed, only practice can prove; but it is worth remembering that most experts seem to agree that, at present, the submarine has a decided upper hand over all known methods to combat it.

The official journal of the American Ordnance Association has warned that the submarine has altered the whole strategy of total war. "The submarine will become the primary instrument of naval attack in wars of the future," the journal says. "It will remain after the war the top, the backbone, the center and most other surface vessels have been retired."

To which Dr. Vannevar Bush, U.S. scientific advisor in World War II, has added "If we continued war then against a technologically and industrially strong nation . . . a nearly invincible submarine fleet might determine the outcome of the war is favor of the enemy." Many anti-submarine methods of the last war are now obsolete. There is no sure-all.

So the matter stands . . . and, in that regard, it might be just as well to remember that official estimates claim Russia has at least 100 submarines of the very latest type built—based on her Far-Eastern base.

Perhaps the world should have trusted Lomonosov.



# LOVE versus the

## RH factor



Medicos are battling a mysterious factor that has heightened more marriages than enough

J. R. SOLOMON

### ENGAGEMENT NOTICE

C . . . M . . . The engagement is announced of June M . . . only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M . . . of Sydney, to Douglas P . . . only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C . . . of Melbourne.

+ + +

ITS an engagement notice you might see any day, anywhere, in any newspaper . . . but this announcement is different; it has a story behind it.

Doug and June both came from good families and no sickness had been noted in either of them at

birth. Doug had two sisters who, like their brother, had been quite healthy before.

Being very modern young people (and were then), Doug and June went to their doctor for a medical check before they were married. The doctor, after a thorough examination, discovered that both Doug and June were what he called RH positive. He also discovered that Doug was RH positive in a slightly different manner to June. He explained: "You have a slightly different gene location on your chromosomes. A gene is a mysterious some-

thing which constitutes beings' various hereditary characteristics, such as brown eyes, red hair or left or right handedness. A chromosome is a microscopic body including in its make-up a number of genes. These chromosomes are handed down to a child by his parents, the mother donating one to each pair and the father the other. Whether you will be RH positive or RH negative is thus determined by the genes.

"Let's call the RH positive gene D, or more genes are always in pairs, call it DD. In the same way label the RH negative gene dd."

Since Doug and June were both RH positive, they should both be DD, the doctor added. However, Doug was slightly different to June, whereas June is DD, Doug is Dd. This meant that either Doug's mother or father was RH negative and the other RH positive.

Gene gene D is stronger than gene d when the two are combined (Dd), a baby would be RH positive and not RH negative.

Ed and Valerie, on the other hand, wanted to become engaged about a year ago.

Ed's mother, however, when she was told they wished to marry, would not consent to the engagement being announced until both had been medically examined. It was found that Valerie was RH negative (dd) and Ed RH positive (Dd). Ed's mother forbade the engagement on the grounds that these children would not be healthy and normal, it is gory on the family line.

Ed was whisked off to the other side of the world to Japan, Val.

Perhaps his mother was very wrong, but how to judge?

Another couple, Bert and Ruth, got themselves married despite the fact that he was RH positive and she RH

negative (just like Ed and Valerie). Their first child, a girl, was quite normal, but their second child, a boy, developed slight anaemia after 1 or 2 days. Still, the baby was given a transfusion of RH negative blood and, after a few days, all signs of anaemia disappeared.

The next child, a boy, was born with serious jaundice, he died about the eighth day of his life.

Ruth's doctor seriously advised her against having any more children, saying that her next pregnancy would be in vain, but her whimsy will she had yet another child. It was stillborn.

Ruth and Bert's case is one typical of those two per cent of RH positive and RH negative combinations that are affected by the RH factor.

So let us look at the case of an RH positive man (having the genes Dd) who marries an RH negative woman. In the instance where the RH factor comes into play we shall take two cases. One is typical, the other shows an outside factor which gene to light and which has not yet been stated.

The first case is that of Henry and Pat. Since Henry has two different genes there can be two different combinations with Pat's genes. The baby can either be dd (RH negative), or Dd (RH positive).

The first child was a boy who was RH negative; the second an RH positive girl. The third child was again RH negative, but the fourth was RH positive and died soon after its birth.

Henry and Pat did not have more children . . . but they could have had a few more and possibly they were RH negative, the children would have been quite normal, healthy babies. However, all other RH positive children would have died.

The other case is that of Margery

# LAMENT FOR THE PRESENT SICKLY STATE OF POETS

There's a certain young poet  
named Whitman,  
Who takes twilight walks with  
the Muse.

But those symptoms of the  
air

Are not what they were . .  
And the practice has led to  
obscure

Another stalling stream from  
that immortal poet, ANON

and Max. Their first child, a boy, was stillborn. The doctor found that this was again due to the RH Factor. As in previous cases, it only occurred after one or two, perhaps even more, babies had been stillborn.

Now why was Margery's baby stillborn? Margery arrived during the early days of the war. Whilst in New Guinea the hospital in which she was treated was bombed. Margery was badly wounded in the arm, losing much blood. So many were wounded that the need for transfusions was so urgent that any blood was given to the victims, provided, of course, that it matched their blood grouping.

As a result, Margery was transfused with an amount of RH positive blood making her incapable of bearing any live RH positive children.

This would not, of course, affect any RH negative children she had, so there was a 50-50 chance of her children living.

Margery and Max were so alarmed

on learning this that they went to a lawyer and used the money because of its significance, which, they claimed, caused Margery's inability to bear live RH positive children.

Margery was her own best was no more comforted than before.

Her next child was a healthy RH negative girl, the next was an RH negative boy, but Margery and Max did not have any more children.

What is it that causes these RH positive babies to be affected at or before birth? When an RH negative woman is carrying a child who is RH positive, the mother's system builds up a number of anti-RH positive antibodies to combat the RH positive antigens of the baby.

Apparently, in order to survive, these can be compared to a very broad and general way with, say, the virus of any common ailment. They act, in the same general way, be compared with the antibodies your blood system builds up to combat the invader. The antibodies in the human blood system destroy the virus in order to heal the body, and, in the same way, the antibodies react with the antigens of the baby. When this happens, the red blood cells of the baby are broken down and the tissues (which are supplied by these blood cells) are injured.

This is why a baby may be born with jaundice as jaundice occurs when the red blood cell is broken down.

When a number of antigens have been formed, owing to a number of pregnancies, more red blood cells are broken down and the tissues are so badly destroyed that the baby is born dead.

There is, however, no ill effect upon the mother's circulation. In this way it does not matter to the

mother's circulation how many children are affected by the RH Factor.

Can anything be done to cure the effects of the RH Factor? Unfortunately, it isn't possible to prevent a child from being RH positive if the mother is RH negative, for this is determined by genes. The only thing to do is to try to help the baby's circulation on birth.

Still, we do know whether a baby, when in the foetal stage, is RH positive or RH negative? This is discovered by testing the mother's serum if the RH antibody is found to be present, an affected birth can be expected.

The doctor tests, of course, even the baby to be born 1-4 weeks prenatally in order to make the breakdown of the red blood with less. This is, however, a risk and can only be done where every facility for dealing with premature babies is present.

If a baby is only very mildly affected, the need to transfuse may not be necessary, as the baby's circulation may be strong enough to overcome this.

In a badly affected case, the need to transfuse is very urgent. In some hospitals in Sydney the complete circulation of the baby is replaced with fresh blood. Blood of the same grouping as the baby that which is RH negative is used. RH negative blood is not affected by the RH positive antigens present in the baby's blood and therefore prevents further breakdown.

Strangely enough, it has been found that to transfuse RH negative blood from a female is much more satisfactory than transfusing RH negative blood from a male. The reason for this is not, however, known.

The only way in which a healthy baby can be born when an RH posi-

tive man is married to an RH negative woman (who has previously given birth to a badly jaundiced or stillborn child) is to have a baby as a result of artificial insemination by an RH negative donor. This method, however, is still the subject of wide debate and so is not widely used. However, it has brought a great deal of happiness to some families.

So you can see how necessary it is to have good medical care during a pregnancy or to have a medical check before marriage. But do not be alarmed. Remember: from all the RH positive-RH negative marriages, only two per cent are affected. Perhaps in the future, with the advances of modern science, even this two per cent will be eliminated. You never know! Love . . . it's surprising.



If music be the voice of love, sing on!  
but remember all music isn't sacred.



## MUSIC HATH CHARMS

ROBIN ATHERTON

*—so what!*

WHY should they laugh when you sit down to play after "His King Leaves?" Music can come from an axe-blade or sword-blade.

Each time I hear "God Save the King" my personal acquaintance-alike system brings up a picture of a fat little woman in black lace-bonnet who is visiting the flannel-house from the region of her story-stanza.

If's rude, and damned irrelevant, for the portly one was Queen Victoria, probably more concerned than ever when an enterprising musician presented her with his pipe and tin: a music-box to be possessed in a

lady's boudoir and so impressed that whenever the lady sat down (if now she were 20) it went up when and tickled out "God Save the Queen."

But Queen Victoria is not the only British queen whose name is linked with a giddy musical contraption. When Good Queen Bess wanted some particular fanny from the Sultan of Turkey in 1594, she sent him an organ that would knock the pants off any of our picture-theatre instruments.

It played four times a day without an attendant. After a clock had struck, dozens of bells pealed and several songs tickled out, two curved angels rolled their trumpets and

cocked a celestial melody.

Following that, in the words of the man who was sent out with it in a special ship to meet it in Constantinople, "Then the musicks went off, and played a many of five partes byes even in the top of the organ, it being 30 parts has, did stand a halfe houre full of blacke birds and thunders, which at the end of the musicks did crye and shake there wings . . ."

The English were always partial to novel instruments. In 1813 on "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," "was adapted to the current British romance, was 'The salt-ban, the Jew's harp, the lute, the narrow bottom, the cleaver, and the beer-strain or hardy-gurdy.'"

There was something red-blooded and vital about music in those days. Everyone had a hand in it.

The gang turned into the kitchen, reached the cupboard and searched, then turned their backs to the others and gave tongue to something topical, noisy, and—preferably—bawdy, while one kept time with the tea-toss, another croaked-on in the salt-ban, while another grabbed a narrow bass and, with it, belted serious ball out of the most slaver.

But one doesn't have to delve back into the past for unusual instruments.

I sometimes wonder where Frank Overton is these days. Last news was that he was on his way to England, following publication of one of the many songs he had written and, only too often, played at the streets as a busker.

Frank had a fiddle made from newspaper. Every inch of it—body, neck, scroll, sound plate and tuning keys—was made from newspaper that had been glued and compressed into sheets; then soaked in kerosene oil to make them wood-hard before

being sewn and shaped. Only the bridge supporting the strings was of wood.

You could read Berke, Deeds and Merricks of the 1840s on the front of it, and the sporting news on the back.

It had a soft, yellow tone, and was made by Frank's father, an Estonian who came to Australia.

Another chap I came across was a New Australian who was carefully grasping a toy violin body from a piece of pine knocked from a fruit-crate, in the wood-curing room at the Melbourne Technical College.

His tools were a handful of scraps and shavings cut down from standard-size tools so he could carry them in his coat pocket. They were about all he possessed when he escaped from Europe. He worked at the Tech at night because his landlady objected to noise in his pocket-sized room.

When the fiddle body was fitted to a mountain neck (red gum sliced from a firewood pile and polished in the color of seawood) and the whole thing finished, varnished and strung as a mandolin, it played quite handsomely and pleasantly and fitted comfortably into the back pocket of his trousers.

That was the idea of the small size and the fiddle-shaped body—the musician liked bush-walking, and still clung to a habit of wandering that of singing to the accompaniment of mandolin or guitar while wandering along the roads.

Another hour also helps in light some of the gadgets lying in up where music enters their soul.

Amphipala's Amphitear Harp had rather a raw, sour, peevish look when ingenious musicians turned up with everything from washboard rhythm to musical axes.

Ah, yes. It's everywhere! Latest gauds in Hollywood are bangles chains that just dangle with no appeal. The conventional scratching and clanking chains now in vogue will be replaced by the beautiful swarms of popular novelties, conventional to having every male from 15 to 75 reaching to the canyon Claude-Maxime inventor, Vincent de Gourni. "Thrills! With present alarm is that they scare almost everyone away from the spot marked X, no well-blooded male (no most of the female ones, for that matter) will be able to resist the appealing charms of Lorenza Beall, Dorothy Lamour or Betty Hutton. Or will they? Depends on the bangles, maybe. You never can tell for sure."

—From "Photoplay," the world's best motion picture magazine

Young Jean Gilbert, of Bonham, had already gone through the water-in-bottles and out-string-bottle phases when the Hour wanted her home town. She decided they had released this (remember when?) would make a pretty experience. After sitting through a couple of hundred to find B that were near enough to two chromatic cellos, she strung them on cord and tapped her way to the top of the voting.

One gunk played tunes on an ear. The edge was so finely ground that it could create melodies by blowing across it.

A couple of youngsters got quite extraordinary effects from a guitar and a couple of desert organs. Another character made himself an electric guitar from a brass rectangle.

Corporal Randall, in RAAF blues, turned up with a mandolin that was, to all intents and purposes, quite ordinary—except that he'd made it himself from broken Tuxer Moth propeller blades.

Then there was Bert Clegg, of Dunlop, who solved the age-old problem

of how to play the bagpipes without blowing your lungs out.

Bert arrived at the studio for an Amateur Hour broadcast with his little effort on the back of a utility truck. It took four men to lug it into the studio.

One might say it was quite solidly built. Heavy lumber crossbeams supported a pair of blacksmith's bellows which connected to pipes, levers, strings and springs.

Even the branch of a sturdy tree was incorporated in that selected machine which—when in full blast—forced a steady gale of wind through a set of bagpipes, and played the kitharion to an accompaniment.

To carry on, the Paul Pope story, went so far-fetched as it would seem. Back in 1912, Edinburgh (Scotland) had a watchmaker who converted for 7/6 into a week with two days and a tin whistle.

An old-timer told me that back around the 1880's the best at Jerez— or was it Washington Camel House?—turned on quite a performance for visitors when he stood in

front of a small cave, attired in kilt and sporrans, and started a lament for long-dead Scots and the heroic folk of home.

His audience wrangled into rows at the mouth of the cave and disappeared again when the show was over: three heavens and two tiers (total).

The big paper makes no the ledge higher up in the rocks also pushed off when the music stopped.

Some time ago a story went the rounds concerning a pipe major of Sydney, who went fishing with the bagpipes. He kept his finger chains in the surface with payment wads and pulled them before they could escape.

Whether they were charmed or stunned was never quite satisfactorily established.

So there you are. If you must have music, you can make it from anything from a tobacco tin to an airplane propeller, and, if you feel like

working your own melodies into the bargain, you if you can unearth an old pamphlet of Mozart. The title page reads "How to compose as easily German writers as one pleases without the least knowledge of music!"

It was not done by mankind, it was done by thorough slugs.

Don't let it worry you if friends don't praise your musical outpourings. It's all a matter of taste. And Mark Twain said the last word on taste when he was hooked over the rails by a musical acquaintance for daring to blather a performance of "Solomeo."

"What makes you think you can compose, Clements?" Can you play the piano? Have you ever written a song?" asked the friend.

"No I can't and I haven't," said the writer doggedly. "And I can't lay an egg either. But I know damn well when I get one that's rotten."



STYLISTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS



The blow from Tammany Hall was tough, but the Cockney proved and the Cold had beat him

FRANK BROWNE



## "BOSS" CROKER meets the Britons

ONE day in the late nineties, a Crocker disguised an American gentleman who intended settling in England. He might have crossed the Atlantic for a number of reasons. The desire to dwell amid hedged lanes and green fields, a year to hear the nightingale at eve, a yearning to drink himself in the history of the tiger little life.

In actual fact, his migration had a much more urgent impetus. But he not suspected, he would undoubtedly — at removal of his associates and — have made a short trip up the Hudson River to a place geographically known as Cowing (and more collo-

quially and vividly named King Beag). The man, whose name was Croker, was a developing New York politician. As Boss of Tammany Hall his reputation which had been losing that City's administration for some years, Mr. Croker had been responsible for some trifling errors of judgment that had cost the City some money.

For instance, he had entered into a contract for paving stones which involved some millions of dollars, and the contractor had forgotten to deliver the stones.

A Grand Jury investigated the City Administration and decided that no

only could the City do without the Tammany Boys, but that certain of them should be provided with free board and lodging at the State's expense.

"Boss" Croker, with fine foresight, had stowed away a little provision of a million dollars or so in England against the evil day. He decided that the time had come to follow his money over the water.

It was obviously an occasion which called for an open mind and a stout mouth.

And it was in this receptive mood that "Boss" Croker landed in England.

He set himself to spy out the land . . . and its opportunities.

He went to the races a few times . . . and decided that there was a field for exploitation.

He went back to the States, asking there to send over a consignment of horses, with which he could make a name on the English turf.

His master in America proved their versatility with the double-cross by sending him a collection of huge bunnies who had some difficulty in standing up, let alone running.

Doping was prohibited in America then, and the motion "Boss" Croker got were those shot as full of dope that nothing short of dynamite would have induced them to gallop.

"The Boss" must amuse at this demonstration of the magnitude of men, bought some English bloodstock, engaged a trainer to run with a reputation for mere guile than honesty) and bought some stakes at Newmarket.

Then he received another shock. The Jockey Club, that stud body of men, notified him that they didn't want him at Newmarket.

"They can't do that to me!" shouted the irate Boss. But they

could, and did. So he took himself off to Ireland, where he set up a stud-farm. He had one desire. That was to breed a Derby winner, to show "those stick-up socks" of the Jockey Club that "Boss" Croker was not a man to be trifled with.

He also sent to America for a good blood mare. The one and best was a mare called Rhoda B. For three years, the Croker Stud produced colts that turned into fair performers, but not winners by any means.

Then he asked Rhoda B. with three, son of the great Ormonde.

The resultant colt was a lumpy chugger who showed little promise as a two-year-old, running twice for two thirds.

But in his three-year-old year . . . 1901 . . . he began to show signs of class.

That year was a weak Derby year, the favorite at 13 to 8 "on" being another Irish bred horse, Steve Gallan.

But Steve Gallan couldn't handle the tricky Epsom course. He reared down to Tutankhamen Corner with his head in the air, and Ocky, right on his wheel, shot clear as they straightened up.

It was all over then, and Ocky simple horse, a easy winner, with "Boss" Croker looking towards the official stand and jerking.

He had brought off his million-dollar chance coverage on the Jockey Club.

Back to Ireland went Ocky, and "The Boss" settled down to make a real mark in breeding. Ocky began to get good stock.

"The Boss," whose language was nearly as colorful as his past, gradually became respectable and was admitted to the circle of fashionable breeders. Now and then, however, there would be suggestions that he

Over 14,000 stitches go into a suit. A customer of average height needs 32,315 stitches by hand and 16,630 by machine. Women need 7,350 hand stitches and 15,540 machine, a jacket 32,354 hand and 30,215 machine. So — is best — estimate Hungarian tailor, D. C. Baký. A U.S. tailor, one Crocker, found his suits had 57,138 hand stitches; 1738 for the waistcoat, 1352 for trousers; and 32,638 for jacket.

Sure that the methods used by Thorough in New York would be enough to win hands down in the rural elections of the Old Sod, Crocker went to work.

The old Thorough man never knew what had hit him. His slate of candidates was crushingly defeated. "God knows how many times some of them voted!" said the "Boss" indignantly. "There were only three dissident voters in Ballybragan, and we counted four times that many votes!"

Evidently, elections in those days went to the strongest rather than the worthy.

Crocker came into conclusion with the rural Irish as an attempt to win the Kerry Hunt Cup. He had the horse to do it, but didn't want to leave anything to chance. The race was for amateur riders, but Crocker went to England and got a professional mountaineering leap, who rode under an assumed name.

Crocker's horse started a hot favorite, although a noticeable point about the betting was that the second horse had been very well backed by its connections to beat the favorite.

"The Boss" saw his horse was by a great margin and would retire. The scales only listed a couple of minutes. The connections of the second horse fired in a protest.

Crocker entered the Stewards' Room to find that the grounds for the protest were that his horse had been ridden by a professional. The charge could be proven without trouble and the winning jockey, hoping to get off lightly himself, broke down and admitted everything.

He lost the race and was warned off for a year.

But the thing that really hurt him was that he found out that the owner

of the second horse—a part by the name of O'Rourke—had known all the time what the "Boss" was up to. He had merely been the real, making a market for the O'Rourke entry, with no chance at all of getting the race.

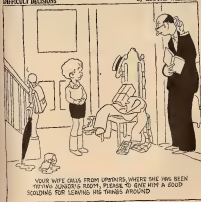
The Crocker Stud, in the years 1857-1862, made its mark on the English Turf. Besides Grand Parade, only three English, one of the best fillies English racing has seen, and Crocker narrowly missed the thrill of breeding a third English Derby winner when Orpheus was beaten a head in the Derby of 1861.

As an old man, Crocker, having been assured that all had been forgiven and forgotten, made a trip back to New York in 1881. He was happy to find that Thorough was back in control of the city, but he was far less happy to find that Prohibition was in force.

There was too much. He had intended to stay in the States, but the anti prospect drove him back to Ireland, where he died in 1882.

## DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By CLYDE WILLIAMS



YOUR WIFE CALLS FROM UPSTAIRS WHERE SHE HAS BEEN TRYING JUNKIE'S ROOM, PLEASE TO GIVE HIM A GOOD SCOLDING FOR LEAVING HIS THINGS AROUND

was in with the more shareable element on the Turf . . . the boys whose horses were given the course when they were 4/1, and stabled home at 1/1 with every S.P. shop in the country loaded with bets on the winner.

Orby began to throw five questions in his early days as a sire. Sugar Palm and Gold Digger were two of the fastest horses up to a mile that England has known.

In 1817 Crocker sold Lord Glenelg an Orby colt for 40 guineas. Had the Boss realized what he was doing he would probably have dropped dead. This colt, who was by a mare with no pretensions to class at all, was named Grand Parade. Under that name, he went on to win the Derby of 1819.

"The Boss" was not a young man when he craned the Atlantic in the morning. Yet, after the war, in 1859, he interested himself in Irish politics. Not on a grand scale of course, but in local and county elections.

A rich stock was waiting for him.

# PRINCE OF BLACK SILENCE



From the shambles of a massacre there arose an African chief who had a grasp of western.

By LESTER WAY

IN 1838, the Karamankas raided a Senegalese village. They were after lost-human loot, living bodies. They slaughtered those who were too old, or too young, for the slave market and carried off the suitable specimens.

Such raids were almost daily occurrences along the Senegal River in Africa, and this one would have been forgotten overnight, but for a young woman who was captured, and a boy who was not.

The captured woman was Fatigaye, wife of a caravan trader. Pierre Leli had known her, and had described

her—a slender black body; a face, then said; a well-turned mouth, and—blue eyes!

What was more important, she had a 12-year-old son named Samory. That name has passed into history. Returning to the shambles that had been his village, Samory started at once to confront the dreaded Karamanka chief, and to demand the release of his mother.

Something about the boy impressed the chief.

He didn't release his lovely new concubine, but neither did he seize

Samory to hold him as a slave. He kept the boy in his personal service, and was soon entrusting him with important affairs.

That was Samory's start in life. He had a capacity for leadership, a power of attracting men's devotion which has been compared to that of Napoleon. He welded together an African alliance and placed himself at the head of a military force before there was the Senegal region had even since the days of the Ashai conquest. He made himself king and started on a career of conquest.

But the French were also engaged in conquering Senegal. That made things awkward; it made them particularly awkward for the French.

Because, by 1833, Samory commanded a force of over 50,000 men. According to a Colonel Froy, 500 of these were mounted, and it was a formidable army. The French were hopelessly outnumbered; they withdrew defeat after defeat.

To be sure, the French were using native troops. They depended on the Senegalese sharpshooters whom they called "volontaires," though actually, with few exceptions, they were slaves whom the French had bought at the enormous price of \$100 a head.

As it was, the war dragged on. Samory won major engagements, but could gain no decisive victory; his kingdom was never secure.

In 1833, the French offered an armed truce, and a treaty was signed. It recognized Samory's sovereignty, and provided for trade and travel between his kingdom and the French-controlled areas. In addition, the French undertook to support Samory's son, Karamanka, in Futa, showing him the full glories of civilization, and letting him sample the delights.

It was on Karamanka that the French

placed their hopes. On this young avenger, straight from the depths of Africa, France concentrated all its aims.

But for debauchery, Futa offered infinite facilities. Karamanka drank the sparkling wine. He accepted the numerous tempting consorts who offered themselves. He viewed the French army at drill, he witnessed mock military bandstandings. And he kept a solemn face, saying nothing.

He listened intently to the French diplomats, the "experts on Africa." They could always get his ear, they could count on a listening attentiveness from him.

But they couldn't get any answer. During his entire visit, he spoke so rarely that Futasia was nicknamed him "The Prince of Black Silence." They even treated an expensive courtesan to dinner. Karamanka by her side, and he had not what he thought of all he had seen and heard.

In the end, the experts themselves had to pry his lips open. They started with a direct question about Demba, chief of the Bushanka.

"Was Demba a follower of Samory?" Karamanka said, "Yes, Demba serves Samory very well."

"Did Samory trust Demba? Did he have a high opinion of him?" Karamanka smiled.

Then the diplomats explained, in language so simple that even a tongue-tied avenger must comprehend, how Karamanka could continue to enjoy all the favors of Futa. They knew Demba. Demba was a man of great wisdom. Karamanka's future would be free from care, it would be full of pleasure, if he would allow Demba to guide him in all things.

Karamanka should urge his father to place Demba in charge of treaty relations, and to give Demba control of the army. This would be proof of

# STATE OF THE NATION (III)

Cry havoc! Cry havoc! Cry havoc! Hooray!  
 Break-breakers, break! Get into the show  
 We're saved! We're bankrupt! (Well, we're that good,  
 I've always suspected we would if we could)  
 The A-Bomb, the H-Bomb and subatomic gamma  
 Will soon have us screwing up made for the normal  
 Chain reaction'll light us, so ——— atomic, at last ———  
 We'll all be open what we were in the past!  
 It's doom! It's destruction! Why things are so bad,  
 It's a positive pleasure to feel merely and  
 Yet, break-breakers, permit me, before I'm breakt,  
 To enjoy just a little the life I've got left

JAY-PAY

good faith, and France would reward Karamoko. Did the Prince understand?

Gravely, the blackman nodded. "I understand," he said. "I have seen much, and I understand."

As a parting gesture, they loaded Karamoko with expensive gifts. In particular, they gave him the very latest thing in repeating rifles, carefully demonstrated and approved.

He fondled it lovingly, and his usually solemn face broke into a wide, gleaming smile.

Back in Senegal, Karamoko was escorted to the frontier of Senegor's kingdom with fitting pomp. He carried his precious repeating rifle over his arm while he watched the approach of the escort sent by his father. It halted 50 yards from him. It was commanded by Denba.

Denba advanced alone. He came forward to greet Karamoko with the

usual ceremonial speech of welcome, but the young prince silenced him abruptly. He ordered Denba to stand beside the French officer, and to remain there, not moving.

Karamoko bowed over and greeted his father's warriors warmly. He turned and faced the French detachment, he faced the high-ranking French officer and the shawtlan called Denba. And there, standing on the open soil, he note the answer which the French had failed to get from him at Fouta.

"Denba, sever the Touchah!" he cried. "He is a traitor!"

He raised his repeating rifle and pumped three bullets into Denba's breast.

"Death to the treacherous Touchah!" he shouted, and his next bullet pecked off the French officer.

His father's warriors opened fire, and only two of the small French

men left that frontier alive. The young had ended abruptly.

In Saint Louis, the French commandant decided on a hasty attack. He could muster five thousand sharpshooters at short notice; he ordered a forced march into Senegor's kingdom. His objective was swift and total victory; it was to capture both Senegor and Karamoko by an unexpected blow.

The attack was made through Senegor's territory. The Senegoboles were the darlings of the French, the leaders of Senegal, favored in all things and cradled by French rule. An attack there that quarter would give them a severe rear, the French thought.

Did they forget that Senegor himself was a Senegobole? Or did they think he neglected "military intelligence?"

The column moved toward Senegor's frontier without opposition. It marched fast, and saw no sign of the enemy for a full day. Night fell, but the column pressed on while, behind it, another column—the sharpshooters—moved with burdens on their heads—drunk steadily, unable to maintain the killing pace.

They were as far behind that their screens did not warn the army. They were scolded—scolded by French—called Karamokoles! They were stopped of everything, including their clothes, Senegobole women took charge of them, and the men crept on to strike at the rear of the column.

It was a black night, and the French assumed it was Senegor behind them. They swung round to fight him off, and Karamoko made a frontal attack.

He threw the French into confusion. Next, an attack came on both flanks, it was a perfect trap, and Senegor's warriors were asleep at night—fighting.

Even so, not a sharp shooter surrendered. The battle raged till dawn, and daylight found a pitiful fragment of the attacking force still standing. Senegor's men made about work of them.

The victory withdrew. The next rose, Mary of the wounded were still conscious when Karamoko's women began threading their way through the carnage. Those women were armed with knives and they hurled the naked women at the sharpshooters before them.

They forced each wife to identify her husband, then forced her to witness the mutilations they had come to perform.

So Karamoko repaid the French for the strange pleasures they had brought him in Fouta.



GAY DOYLE



# BATTLE of the BULGE

Curves aren't only looked on as feminine; masculine virilities, too, cause mayhem.

(BOUDOIR DIVISION)

If you'll just be patient a moment until we stop glistening, we'll like to announce that the United States of America appears to be on the verge of another Good quote as unclouded Civil War.

As a matter of fact, the opening shots seem to have been fired in what business will probably remember as Futuron's Battle of the Ridge(s).

In the corner on our right, coming

out tent in all the best places, too, is "The Original Hukka-Hukka Girl."

... Miss Evelyn ("Treasure Chest") West ... Belle of the Brownsboro Belt.

In the corner on our left, also coming out in much the same manner, is "Mrs. America" ... known more demurely as Mrs. Frances Lloyd ... to the pliancy of assembled members of the Republic.

So—before the gang goes — we'd

better put you right in the picture. (You'll find several on Pages 29 to 31.)

Believe it or not, Miss West's first job found her fully dressed. To tell the truth, she began as a "pansy-girl," dispensing shows in Piersburgh, Illinois ... for the meager remuneration of fifteen dollars a week.

Rightly, Miss West refused she was not cut out literally and metaphorically for such a role. She began to develop herself in all aimed at a dancing class. Before long, she had burst upon the gawping gaze of the public as "Hukka-Hukka Girl, No. 1."

And "hukka" is the word. Soon her progress through the various road like a woman's description of Paradise ... which was not surprising, for Miss West was billing herself as a "semi-diamond made dancer" by as much as overachievement.

Then came a night at Slapdash's club in "Truce ... and Miss West put her best foot far something forward. A star role in "A Night At The Follies" followed. Miss West ... and her "Treasure-Chest" ... were going places.

She became "an exotic dancer" ... did the short intervals in a demure black evening gown ... and escorted by an appealing but aging dandy by the name of Edly.

Photographer's flash-balls are reported to have exploded unnumbered and the electric-mark on type-writers ran red-hot under the twinkling fingers of several writers.

Miss West thereupon extended her night-club bookings to include personal displays on ten theatre circuits ... on California and other points, north, south, east and West. She also managed to cut into the nightly line of her first to appear on the "New 'Glee Happy.'"

And—just to be sure that there was never a dull moment—she wound a visiting card. It read (earnily but revealingly): "ACT! Very novel and unusual step ... son, comedy, drama and suspense ... Works solid or strong ... 11 minutes."

The best was definitely on. Simultaneously, however, there was reading in the same location as Miss West ... something the same as, is fact ... Mrs. Frances Lloyd ... "Mrs. America," to you ... recently shown as the perfect specimen of All-American femininity.

"Mrs. America" must take to her breast the responsibility for the upsurge of the daring fellows.

Remembered recollections, perhaps, when crowned at Ashbury Park (New Jersey), "Mrs. America" was unwary enough to venture the opinion that "a woman should be married before she can qualify as really matured and beautiful."

Which was evidently fighting-back of a high-order brand. Miss West (who has scored her nickname of "Treasure Chest" for two very obvious reasons) was immediately located to unknown herself ... on many occasions and with considerable abandon. She let it be known that she took an extremely poor view of "Mrs. America's" notions for popping-off such generalities.

"What's wrong with these curves of mine?" she demanded sternly of a long-eyed person of the Press. "I've never been married and I haven't had any complaints about my appendages."

Not a word was stated to deny it. Even "Mrs. America" treated her separately. But Miss West refused to be arranged.

"What has Mrs. America got that I haven't got?" she queried. "Judge for yourselves." The Press impu-

Once upon a time, it used to be said in China that pidgin English was "English meet with Chinese accents." Which seems to call for the explanation "How true! How very true!" When an Oriental businessman was asked by a French commercial attaché what he thought of the state of the world, he answered "Bully bad. Can do, no can do, what fashion." Which means "Very bad. To be or not to be, that's the question." Get the point?

readily listened to oblige her. They judged that Miss West had got ten feet four and three-quarter inches in height; 128 lbs in weight; 36 inches of waist; 36 inches of hips. "And what you're interested in measures 36 and a half inches," Miss West concluded expensively.

Breathing deeply, several conspicuous statisticians tore themselves away to check up on "Mrs. America." They discovered that "Mrs. America" had won. Height, five feet six inches; weight, 128 lbs; waist, 36 inches; hips, 36 inches, and the ratio was as accurate, 36½ inches.

Whereupon Miss West's manager hastily issued a golden checkmate of opening a new front. "This matter has been hanging on too long," he urged Mrs. America. "I offer you a definite chance of an anatomy column. Let the public sit in judgment on the measurements of the two."

He went proceeded to pay "Mrs. America's" travelling expenses. Unfortunately, "Mrs. America" was then absorbed in the routine of getting

herself a divorce and was unable to accept.

It would be childish not to admit that Miss West has the weight of the evidence on her side.

But she is *China* the records taking no chance. Presumably working on the theory that a Treasure Chest is in danger if not covered, Miss West has gone to the precaution of insuring her superstructure with Lloyd's of London. The amount involved is quoted variously at \$3,000 dollars and \$6,000 dollars (\$100 for each," claims United Press, the rest being "non-renewed").

And Lloyd's should know.

There was only one small hitch in Miss West's dealings with Lloyd's . . . and that was speedily overcome. It was caused by the policy's insistence that "the property to be insured must be examined and found to be in good condition." Though an ample supply of amateur observers was naturally available, these lacked the technical qualifications. An expert was needed. He was soon found in the person of Dr. Philip R. Eernberg, Physician and Surgeon, of Hollywood.

In his official statement, Dr. Eernberg declared that Miss W. was "desirable" for the purposes of pathological research.

Both Lloyd's and Miss W. promptly signed on the dotted line.

What "Mrs. America's" reply will be remains, of course, to be seen.

Miss West—as you have been able to observe for yourselves—*is* distinctly a Woman of Paris. She is long have been informed not solely artists; she is also an inventor.

The latest product of her ingenious mind is a business with a billion eye-ead.

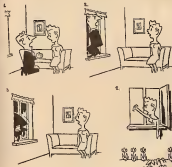
This interesting contraption has been imported by the U.S. Post, who opine that "though it may not have

the significance of the brain-children of Thomas Alva Edison and the Wright Brothers, it is currently drawing much greater attention."

Basically, the device does not differ from the ordinary outfit to female muscle . . . except for one difference. Has what a difference! Instead of having to listen the moment for what have you by reaching round to some point behind your back where you can't even scratch with enjoyment, all you need to do is put a simple strap . . . in front.

As Miss West explains: "It's the sort of thing a lady can keep her eye on."

Miss W.'s answer is a standard's paper will be marketed as "The Hullo-Hullo Bra."



Footnote: We wish to emphasize that Miss Evelyn ("Treasure Chest") West—despite a certain resemblance—makes no claim to any relationship with Miss Mae ("Come Up And See Me") West. Miss "T-C" West was born Pat McQuillen, of Columbia, Kentucky.

**STOP PRESS:** International repercussions are reported in the *Battle of the Bulge*. British beauty Queen, Marie Wilson, has also thrown out an open challenge. Complaining that she has so far not encountered any rival with anything to be chatty about, Miss Wilson adds pessimistically that "the only paper U.S. has a woman big enough to fit her."

## THE END of Arguments



do earthworms help the soil?

Now, thank God, remember, most people who like the soil also like earthworms but scientists for earthworms can scarcely be accounted for on scientific grounds. For plants to get the nutrients in organic matter, the matter must first be decomposed. The rate of decomposition is played by many soil organisms, of which the friendly earthworm is only one. Not all productive soils have earthworms. Even today, it's anyone's guess whether earthworms are present because soil is productive or whether soil is productive because earthworms live there. Probably, it's some of both.

How many photographs can you take a second?

Latest record has been set by a camera which operates at a speed of 15 million pictures a second. When photographed by this camera, the act of striking a match can be compared of speeds so high that nearly eleven days would be needed to show it on the screen at normal silent motion picture speed. Compared with this, the latest silent motion picture camera takes only 18 exposures a second.

What is a "Document Camera"?

Believe it or not, a "Document Camera" is the latest scientific recorder produced by the U.S. Census Bureau. The idea is that the ques-

tions are filed out by census collectors with a special metal pencil or metallic ink and are then fed into a machine. By magnetic contact, electric impulses are generated; these operate a punching device. In this way cards are punched out and these go into tabulators. The machine will run hour after hour and eliminate any clerical errors.

Who's the highest-paid actor?

By all accounts, Garfield Richards. It is estimated that in his years of riding, Champion Richards won \$1,000,000 in prize money for his owners. In Britain, he takes regularly set 10 per cent of the prize money, often more; thus Richards earned \$200,000 in prize-money alone. In addition, he got at least \$10,000 a year as retainer from owners. Altogether, he earned \$400,000 in his career. Steve Donahue was reputed to have earned \$300,000.

Is it a good sign if a man gripes about his job?

Yes, definitely, declares the U.S. University of Michigan Institute of Social Reform after a four-year study. They claim that the man or woman who complains most about his job, his company and his boss, usually makes the best worker. Reason: "While this type will often spend his lunch hours denigrating his job, the driving urge to succeed will still send him spending back to his job, fired with an excess of productive energy."



Meet Miss Evelyn Wood, the Original Rubber-Rubber Girl, popularly known for obvious reasons as "Tiresue Queen" and, believe you or, that's no overstatement. There's real gold in them that shiny olney, we know we're being canny too! what we mean to say is that Miss Wood's most pronounced attributes are really worth for money as a matter of fact, they're insured with no less than Lloyd's of London for \$4,000 dollars.

## A CHESTFUL OF TREASURE





And, we must say, we agree entirely with Lloyd's on their assessment . . . Even if twisted by his twisting glasses, however, despite the provocative name, **Man Design** ("Treasure Chest") West shares no relationship with Miss Moe ("Come-up-anders me") West. Design has a cousin of her own . . . an exotic dancer and super-stripper:

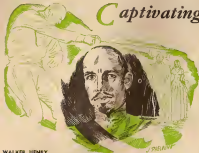


And these two snippets of la "Treasure Chest" in action, you will agree, leave no doubt about her popular appeal. Yet Miss West is not solely an artist, she is also no mean traveler . . . already she has designed "a pliffin restaurant" (a restaurant one that you can show off in most of the best places, in fact) and "the habes habes bar" (which, being translated, means a bistro with a balcony tipper . . . in front). Asked to what she attributes these successes to life, Miss West replied: "Oh, I've just learned to keep ahead of the times."



## the captain was too

## Captivating



WALKER HENRY

The bride found him just too, too captivating; but if they had charmed him like a leopard, he would have saved himself well.

CAPTAIN Peter de la Fontaine was obviously born to demonstrate the cheating fact that no one can spike a bigger fool of himself than a man when, preferably it is to fool other people.

At first, however, the Captain showed every symptom of being one of those un-blessed characters for whom Fate's weather bureau has predicted not a single rainy day.

Which was where one, Juana, daughter of a margine, stopped under the score. The Captain apparently

turned quite insane. He dashed to the wench's father and demanded her to his wife. Her father bowed him to the door. Crossing the threshold, the Captain passed to proclaim that he intended to have the girl "at any cost."

From the record, the cost involved was covered by the hire of a coach. The debauched maid consented to elope. Not bothering about a mere marriage ceremony, the Captain briskly whisked her off to Rome. There, the pair spent an ardent, if imprudent, honeymoon,

and, but the Captain seems to have given up. He married his charming consort to Paris and successfully lost her in the streets.

When she came to her father's care, the storm really broke. The Captain was in a coffee-house when he was arrested on a charge of "brutal abduction." He looked a good security for the Bastille ward—such being the way of all too few women—Juana happened to read that it was all her fault.

Reverting from seduction to daughter, the Captain rejoined the Army. He was severely in camp when an unusually fragile infantryman was attached to him . . . "as a banner." They were both being together in one tent when the banner surprisingly had a baby.

The High-Brown were hectoring their banner for a suitable penalty when Juana conveniently solved their problem by dying of small-pox. She left the Captain all her money. The Captain used it to tour Europe.

At last, that was the idea, but the Captain displayed his unworldliness by observing a fellow officer and upon the French ground. The Captain passed aboard ship. Stopped up by Moorish pirates, he found himself in a Constantinople dungeon.

Released, he went forward Holland with his province. In no time, he was so freely wooing a burgher's wife that he nearly Amsterdam too hot to hold him. So hot, indeed, that the damns-riddled hell-hole of Caruso seemed a comparative health resort.

Here, the Captain again expended introduced to a wealthy widow, he actually wed her. This was another error. Though she protected the Captain with four children she continued to entertain a battery of other suitors. The Captain cut off one woman's ear.

The widow subsided and the Cap-

tain branched out on a phlebotomy career. His negro slaves immediately attempted to poison him. The Captain survived.

The Captain sailed for England. In London, he backed a Venetian named Zennaro. Zennaro went bankrupt for £200. The Captain paid the debt and thus saved Zennaro's undying enemy.

Unaware of this, however, the Captain wed a second rich widow the still had the first. He also appeared in some spirited gongoo-on with a shop-keeper's wife. But one of his love-letters fell into the hands of the shopman's husband. When the Captain arrived at his next rendezvous, he found not only the lady waiting but her husband and her husband's brother as well . . . both threatening suitors. The wife went back to her husband. The Captain went back to his second widow.

And—unhappily—also to Zennaro. The Captain was in one more town when he was greeted by Zennaro, accompanied by a "woman in black." The Captain was too engrossed in making paces at the respectable female to notice that a man (also in black) was grabbing something from a book.

Only later was he aware that the man was a Fleet Prison passer and what he had been reading was the Marriage Bureau. But, by then, Zennaro had had him arrested for larceny (it should have been trespass).

The Captain was jailed. Understandably, the Captain rescued him with a bribe and knocked him unconscious. That was the last straw. Zennaro swore that the Captain had forged a cheque.

The Court found him guilty, and sentenced him to death. Appeals reduced the sentence to five years and transportation to America. The Captain sailed on September 8, 1812.

# Crime Capsules



**LAST LAUGH:** Deers-addict, 22-year-old James Cumberland, of Brooklyn, briefly entered a restaurant, two infamous lovelies slinging candy to either side. Suddenly he popped on his heels with popped eyes. "Loraine go! Loraine go!" he yelled, desperately endeavoring to disentangle himself from the lovelies' strick. "Now isn't you the one!" scolded the lovelies adoringly, continuing themselves even more tightly about him. "Aloose up in a jiffy!" They were still bubbling with happy excitement when four casually placed police clapped an imprisonment over James from their strangle-hold and arrested him for 12 signed tobacco boxes in one year.

**ADULT AMATEURS:** According to Scotland Yard, shop-lifting in Britain is recovering its amateur status. Now that the blackmarket is deterring, goodness knows that nearly three-quarters of the shop-lifting is done by first-offenders. Offenders, add the constabulary simultaneously but firmly, are now "bearly got over the hump" . . . with detestable methods of starving children at an all-time low.

**THE DEVIL IT WAST:** Some citizens hold up banks, others just beat them open with dynamite; but the vast majority let them look over their own business. With all this, however,

Edgar Talbot, currently in a U.S. prison, has an attitude towards banking which places him in a minority of one. The ingenious Mr. Talbot inveigled one Paul Belonger, member in good standing of a Canadian banking firm, into a basement room of black magic and convinced the perspiring pharisee that he was in possession of the Devil. The Devil, he added as an after-thought, had sent him expressly to collect 12,000 dollars from M. Belonger. Awed by this infernal request, M. Belonger paid up handsomely. Result? As it worked, M. Belonger is doing time for embezzling the fifteen grand. Mr. Talbot is suffering the same fate as an accessory. The Devil is still at large.

**DEATH DUTY:** There was a certain mystery laid about the reasoning of "Black Molly," a negro who was brought to a shore from Africa to the West Indies island of Barb in 1824. Molly was sent to a plantation where—on the strength of her motherly appearance—she was set to work as a maid. Time passing as it will, however, Molly's master became pained at the lingering lot of still-born children she was presenting. He made a surprise inspection of Molly's quarters. He found Molly cheerfully musing at what was left of a newborn subject.



# THE REFORMATION

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN NOUMEA  
FEARED THE SKELTON IN HIS CUPBOARD, IT GOT OUT

SIXTEEN years! Almost to the day!  
And now there had come an end  
Councillor Armand Dubosc of  
Noumea put down the telephone and  
let his back subside into a protesting  
velvet chair. His fleshy face at  
that moment was as ugly as were  
his thoughts. Yet there were those  
in Noumea-Caledonia who thought  
of Councillor Dubosc as one whose  
kindness and philanthropy equalled

that of Monsieur le maire, the well-  
loved Raoul Montoux.

Armand Dubosc almost stopped  
breathing. The threat that for sixteen  
years had hung over him, de-  
pendent only on the whim of one  
man, had evaporated with the last  
breath of Monsieur le maire, Raoul  
Montoux—But not! It could not be  
true! None-of-a-little-good-maid! It  
could not!

ERLE WILSON • FICTION



# OF ARMAND DUBOSC

Dubosc was young when his first  
office behind his leg alone three miles  
away in the centre of Noumea. That  
—then was Raoul Montoux, then, and  
nearly in wrinkled and sweat-stained  
cloak as he had appeared on that  
night sixteen years ago.

The scarecrow Raoul Montoux had,  
without invitation, seated himself at  
the deep where Dubosc reserved for  
important customers. None-of-a-  
kind, now! What is that? What date  
this breakfaster want? Money as  
shall not get. Dubosc, the wealthiest  
trader, man-of-war and timberman in

Nou-Caledonia, was also a roomy-  
lender—at high interest and against  
heavy security, for he was a hard  
man. But it was well-known that  
this Montoux owned only a lucky,  
wreck-riddled cutter not worth  
twenty francs. Not! There would be  
no money for him—no, and  
could never be quite sure; this ob-  
ject, it was said, knew something of  
prospecting and he had just come in  
from a long way up the coast. Nou-  
veille Caledonia was one of the richest  
islands on all the world in mineral  
deposits.

Then was a day mark on his shoulder a brand?



# A SHORT HOWLY ON LIQUID REFRESHMENT

"When they shudder to say  
a man 'drinks like a fish'  
and haste to deploy  
their resolution, I wish  
they'd recall their structure a  
moment to think  
what exactly it is that fishes  
do drink."

JAY-PAT

Dubois allowed the ghost of a smile to come on a face as hard usually as the wood of the slabs.  
"Ah, Monsieur Monteur, is it not? We have not met before, I think!"

The down-at-head visitor smiled.  
"No, monsieur, we have not met—not acquainted. But I have had the—ah—happiness of seeing you before. Some one you at close quarters, Monsieur Dubois. Ah, yes, quite close. But then, monsieur, it was your back that was towards me."

"Monsieur! Your business?" Dubois snapped.

"—I happened to fall asleep, monsieur, in the shade of a rock beside La Cascade-de-Kapou. Do you battle there frequently?"

Monteur seemed to smile a pained. "Ah, you need not tell me, monsieur. You do not battle frequently at La Cascade-de-Kapou — or anywhere else. How do I know that?"

Dubois had not spoken. His visitor was generous in malicious sympathy. "Ah, but; but it is simple — as simple. Your back, it has no man-

ture, no, it is unadorned but firm."  
"Well—"

"But for one most curious mark, monsieur. I wonder, what does it signify, that mark so like a brand—so like a letter 'M' on your right shoulder? Ah, no, you would be most welcome to say the give you so much have in that drawer. Anticipating possible unpleasantness, Monsieur Dubois, I have written a letter—to be opened only in the unfortunate event of my demise. Pardon, monsieur!"

Monteur nodded approval.  
"That 'M' is intriguing on your back, men say, it stands for murderer—murderer—in it not so? And it is in the brand put on those who have tried and failed to escape from Devil's Island. Plainly, monsieur, you are a man of unusual determination for you tried a second time and got away."

Dubois's face was gray and lifeless. With this man's coming, years of peace had ended. Years during which he had built up a new life, in which, at last, he, Armand Dubois, had wielded power over the destinies of others. He was not loved, no. Since young manhood when the dark fields of Provence had witnessed his wooing of Yvonne Beaupre and when he had killed a rival in a drunken quarrel—lives had entered not at all into his life. But women, yes, bought and tossed aside. It was poetic justice, perhaps, that he had been on his way along the St. Louis road, bound for the home of Pierre Monteur, an ex-procurator whose daughter, Quene, was the most beautiful girl in Nouvelle-Orleans the best of the day had seduced him to park his car, enter the thicket, and, for once forgetting a rigid rule, throw off his clothing and have his over-looked bulk in the cool rush of

the entering Cascade-de-Kapou.

Quite unsuspecting that his business had been seen, Dubois had confided in the home of Pierre Monteur. The old procurator had borrowed money from Dubois on the security of his home, his interest payments were his from market, although from Monteur's point of view, an excellent notion for the father of such an attractive young woman as Madeleine Quene to be in.

"What do you want of me, Monsieur?"

"You expect mercy, Dubois. Yes, who have not spared man or woman particularly women — when you give rich? With them, for the good of you, well, I shall be truly married. But it will not be in my way and well understood—yet. First, there is the matter of the Monteur assignment; you will destroy it now, at once, and to old Pierre you will make a little gift, a nice baguette, of one hundred thousand francs. Ah, well, men say, well, I have but because To Madeleine Quene is better to me, for we are about to marry, you will make over a half share in your nickel mine at Tido, your copper mines at Pave, your sulphur beams in the South and your sawmills at Ounce. That will leave you still a very wealthy man, Dubois, but it will do for the present."

Thinking back to the past, Armand Dubois cursed his late tormentor as he reviewed these 'good works.' How the hands in hell must have laughed, laughed with that devil Monteur; branded him to men's indignity; branded another. The gift of a sawmiller to the missions, inaccessible cash donations, none of them small; the building of churches, hospitals; schools; the donation of scholarships; relief to impoverished families with-

out end! Every man a drop of blood. A step ascended on the verandah. "Enter—Enter." Counselor Armand Dubois's voice had once again its old note of importance. It was Doctor Gern, solemn and well-dressed.

"Well, Monsieur Dubois, our good friend is gone. I should not have warned you again so late only that before he passed away, Basil asked me to take charge of this letter for you—to be particularly careful that it reached you before my work."

Armand Dubois, with fear in his heart, took the letter.

"Please, Monsieur Dubois, read it now. You were such—such close associates it is no doubt a last message of friendship," the Doctor intoned.

Dubois nodded mutely. He read.

Armand, my old one! he at once. I have not left, and never at any time have I written, any letter about my so-fortunate discovery that day at Cascade-de-Kapou. Well, men say, but keep up the good works. We shall meet again, you and I. Au revoir, Basil.

With the whole verbal repertoire of Devil's Island surging again into his mind, Dubois sat tongue-tied.

"Monsieur Dubois, excuse me, I am puzzled—" The doctor was speaking. "What does it mean, can you tell me, when a man has a letter 'M' branded on his back?"

Dubois's large hand gripped the doctor's arm.

"What did you say?"

The doctor disengaged Dubois's grip with fingers equally strong.

"Monsieur, I asked merely, do you know what it means, a letter 'M' branded on the back of our late good friend, Basil Monteur?"

# VIEWPOINT ON TOMBS



MARCIA McEWAN • FICTION

AT A CAFE TABLE, AN OLD ITALIAN AND AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL BOTH CHERISHED BITTER MEMORIES THAT CALLED



She had the look in her eyes of one who doesn't see people, or people

FROM his stool behind the waiter's desk, Joe surveyed his little kingdom. Small tables, draped with blue and white cloths gleamed in the subdued light. Two or three diners lingered over their tiny cups of black coffee. The waiter moved quietly through the blindness of cigarette smoke, laying the silver for the waitress. Joe smiled contentedly. The cafe was his creation, his destiny.

loved and lost child. It supported him now that his youth had passed. It represented the fulfillment of the great wish of his old age. The silver that shone in the till was a bright stream of hope, flowing with increasing speed towards the sea of his dream.

He glanced at a table for two, near the door. Only fifteen minutes until closing time and she had not come.

With much time for thinking, as he perched on his stool, he had wondered about the girl. Slim, supple, with soft, brown hair and a small, intelligent face, she should have had someone to take her to dine, somewhere better than this. Yet she came alone each night about ten, took her place silently in the corner, and ate the cheapest meal. Her face was closed-in against the world.

Joe shook his graying head. In the days when the world seemed so much happier and his face was unlined, such a situation would not have been allowed. War . . . it took so many of the young men. They died in glory, perhaps, but what happened to those so many young women who were left alone?

The last customers had paid their checks and gone out into the hot

Women, women! You can't win. According to Professor Morrison of Michigan U.S.A. University, a law was passed by the Romans or far back as 88 B.C., prohibiting women from driving chariots. "Infatuated Roman femininity immediately started a protest which lasted 24 years," reports the pleased Professor. "Then in the 18th B.C. they stormed the Capitol and reestablished the constants. Their right to chariot was expeditiously restored." Some thing was tried at ancient Greece. First to break the law was Mrs. Lyceum, wife of the legal eagle who passed the law. She was fined \$5000 drinking.

snuff. Two lights burned on the thin corners of the table. Joe settled down to count the day's accounts before he ate his supper. He heard the sounds of the street door. He moved out the hinge.

The brown-haired girl hesitated in the doorway, her face white, tired, disappointed.

"Oh, I'm sorry. You're closed. I thought I'd just be able to make it."

Joe looked at the clock. Nine and Ten would be anxious to go home. He hesitated, and remembering how alone she always seemed. Discovering from the throng of her laughter, he welcomed her to the table for two.

"There is still time to serve you," he said, holding the chair for her. With remembered courtesy he bowed. "Sometimes, I was about to leave my own supper. Would you do me the honor of dining with me, tonight, as my guest?"

Almost before the words had passed his lips, he checked . . . was this a ploy, he was committing? . . . would she get the right interpretation on an action which could read as well or as badly? . . . he watched her . . . she seemed suspicious, he thought . . . yes, she was with all certainty suspicious.

She moved her tired face and he saw the quick suspicion in her eyes. After all she had probably never noticed him, did not understand why he should be interested in her, unless this was a polite well-meal.

He waited, holding himself with selfishly stiffened. His figure was still slight and trim, but his face was old, lined not unpleasantly, and his sharp, dark eyes, framed by wrinkles, were wise and kind.

For a moment she stared unconprehendingly. It was the look of one who has not seen people, as people, for a long time. Then her eyes smiled quietly.

"I'd be delighted," she said. "Although I'm afraid, I'm not very good company."

The night was hot. Joe turned on the big fan. The draught lifted the girl's soft hair. Some brought soup and a bottle of light wine. He placed Joe to see that the girl ate with the enjoyment of one who was really hungry. He toyed with his own soup and talked. His guest must be entertained while she ate.

"All day I sit on my stool," he told her, "and I see many people pass in and out. Some are just outside who chance to see my sign at the time

the clock tells them they should be hungry. Others have known the tale a long time. They come to conversation as well as food. They know the meals are good and hospitable and that there will be others here, drinking coffee, talking. They are the interesting people.

"These you noticed, Sammie, that so many of the really interesting people eat cheap meals?"

The girl smiled. Joe's heart warmed because the smile was sincere and friendly and he had noticed how rarely she smiled.

"They're the people who are going some place, and doing it the hard way," she said.

"And you are going some place, aren't?"

The girl looked back in her chair. She watched some place the big plates of spaghetti on the table. When he had gone, she sighed. "When I travel, of course, was that they are making something of their lives. They have a career . . . an art, perhaps . . . some goal to reach."

Joe nodded. "I know. But you? I think you work very hard and late. You have a purpose, like the others?"

"I suppose I have. It's not the same, though, as it is with those others who are building up. I'm not going anywhere in life. There's nothing I can do more. But I have to make a journey. I've been working for it for a long time."

"Going overseas?" So many of the young ones are doing that. They take adventures of peace," he speculated. "—the outskirts of peace. Where will you go? England?"

She shook her head. "Later, perhaps. I don't really know. I'm going to your country—Italy."

Joe's eyes sparkled with interest. "A truly beautiful country. Me . . . I like the country of poets, with rich

blue skies and bright sun. It has green meadows. But it is only natural for a man to love but the place where he was born. Have you planned to visit any particular places?"

"Genoa," she said. "Ah, yes, Genoa—and Venice, the two bright eyes of Italy. Today they are only ghosts of their old glory, but once," Joe remembered dreamily, "once, there's were women that thrilled the world, Sammie. They were the great cities of commerce, opening up the trade routes. And Venice was queen of the sea."

"Forgive me," he added, "if I sound too proud, but I am a Venetian; and even if a man has nothing else, great memories can make life a very sweet thing."

"Memories are things that are past and dead. They can't be sweet." Her voice was choked. Joe glanced at her sharply. But she had so suddenly over her plate to hide her tears? She must have been hurt and she was very bitter for one so young. But weren't the young so much more likely to be bitter than the old, who had seen so much? He had been like that himself. If only he knew, if he could help her.

Frederick used to notice she was upset, he concluded. "You'll find Genoa at today interesting. But it is the past that makes her so fascinating. You know something about the history of the city of the Venetians?"

Her voice was flat and dead. "Nothing. I hadn't thought about the city at all."

Joe waved his shaggy Italian hands, shaking his head vehemently. "No, no. You don't travel just to go from one place to another or to pass away. You travel to find something. Here." He leaned forward earnestly.

"Sometime you are going to Italy, but travelling won't please you unless you can see the country as the centuries have made her."

The fork lay forgotten on Joe's plate. He was remembering that he was more than Joe, the dear wife's progenitor. He was Giovanni Lombardi; he was young and a soldier, with great dreams for his struggling Italy. That was a long time ago and the Italy he had believed united and peaceful had been laid waste by war, again. Still, there had been dreams, moments of glory. . . didn't they make a man's life worth-while? Even his personal tragedy was less bitter when he thought about it as a little incident in two thousand years of history.

He told the girl about his Venice. She moved her chin on her hands and some of the brightness went out of her as she nibbled at the olives Rene had brought with the coffee. The word from the electric fan blew

her hair over her face. He remembered how he had waited beside a girl whose hair fell over, like that to the waist of an aeroplane propeller. Tomorrow they had watched the planes racing like a silver herd in the blue sky. . .

"Don't look only at what you see, today," Joe said. "That is why the tourist, who looks with his eyes, but not his soul, is always disappointed. He sees squalor, poverty, the rubble of war-torn buildings. He is told the architecture a Renaissance, or Italian-Gothic, and he finds it insensate compared with his modern buildings. But you, Giovanni, must see the age in which they were built, and the builders. . .

"There are many fine tombs in the cities of Italy," he said. "Great artists were commissioned to make resting places of marble for the popes and princes, so that their names and deeds would not be forgotten."

Joe remembered a plain stone in

Venice. There was no heroic inscription on that. Only two names, and a date. Isabella, and her little sonnie. She died in childbirth. When her time had come she'd had only a grieving father-in-law to comfort her, because, somewhere, there was another, an unborn's grave. It had seemed an unnecessary thing, but when he looked back he saw that that was how circumstances were built.

He flushed for words, looking at the girl. "Yes, there are fine tombs in Italy. The guide will say, 'This is the tomb of such-and-such.' But what is the good of looking at tombs unless you see around them, and understand why those names have been remembered."

The girl's eyes were fixed on him silently, glancing through her lashes. He was tempted to tell her about those two sons of his — the plain handsome boys who died, not in the country that was, but for a dream of glory. It had taken him

so long to see the shabby children who played by the canal as men, following the pattern of all mankind and, therefore, not worthy enough of the tale of tombs. . . tonight she must be entertained, not made more sad.

"You must try to see Venice," he said. "Don't be disappointed if the water is dark and gray in the canals, and the present seems three vegetable soups from the windows onto passing gondolas. Our Venice is the child and the bride of the sea. The marbles were her fortress against the Vandals. Once, in her great days, when the merchant mariners brought gold and spices and cloth from the East, the canals were thronged with gondolas. Their staircases became so extravagant that the Doge decreed all gondolas should be of uniform blackness. . ."

One day, when he was returning from the market with his mother, little Giovanni had fallen from the



**A SIMPLE RULE FOR  
CONDUCTING  
A DEBATE**

When you're in the right, my  
bel,  
argue like a man!  
But, if you're wrong, to win,  
my boy,  
argue as only a woman can.

**JAY-PAY**

lured gossamer. He'd been scolded for running his best suit. Years later, as the ward of the military hospital, he'd said, "Come that shell, Papa. It ruined my best uniform!"

For the girl Jay wore a colorful story. He gathered and turned the threads until he told how the stock city, for all her legendary imprudence, had fallen, decadent in her wealth.

"How else should it be?" he said. "Crime and nations grow great and decay. If they did not, if men did not struggle to build, there gave way to other builders it would be constructed. There must be change, or there is no life."

Jay smiled and drained his glass. Rena and Terry had gone home long ago. Only the fan whirled in the stillness of the side.

The girl sat a long time, silent, tracing a pattern on the cloth with her forefinger. The waitress stood by her mouth, he thought, had released a little but there was the staring distance of glee in her eyes.

Perhaps he had been speaking not to help her, but to ease himself of the thoughts which tangled and untangled themselves in his mind as he sat, day after day, at his mother's desk. Could it be that in comforting her he had sought comfort for himself? Reactions were strange, confusing things—how easily they could deceive a man about his own motives.

Still the girl said nothing. Jay looked forward grimly.

"Forgive me," he said. "I have talked too long, and all this talk of the past and groves and the dead history of one small country is not good for a young lady to hear at dinner. Pardon an old man who likes to reminisce."

The girl started. She stared blankly at him for a moment, then seemed to remember where she was. "No," she shook her head, "do not apologize to me. I want to thank you for all you have told me. The story I've lived for a long time without being able to see around corners. My husband . . . he was a poet. I was eighteen and we'd only been married three months when he was shot down over Italy. He was buried at Ghent. For years my only thought has been to see his grave."

After she had gone Jay slumped in his chair, not seeing the dishes on the table, nor hearing the din. Even in the sorrow he was glad he was of a race who were not ashamed of open tears. He was glad, too, for her sake, because the dead-in look had gone from her face. But it was hard, even after so many years, to be philosophized when one thought of lonely women, and sturdy children who had played on the back of a canal.

Wasn't he, also, working to go home, to spend his last years by a tomb?



*"I got them for two lives. One I gave my husband and one I caught him giving his secretary."*



# COSTUME CUSTOMS

DRAPED SHAPE BY GIBSON



Ah! A ticket for a fancy  
quack ball! I'll bet the  
family let their hair  
down at this.



I can just picture Auntie Flo in  
her parrot costume. She's worn  
this outfit to every ball for the  
past forty years.



And Uncle Charlie will surely  
be there doing his — I mean  
a dash as a daring Mexican.

Downs Bull, who was a great  
fun at the late Douglas Fair-  
banks, looked dressed as a  
washbuckling type. Well,  
it's even money he turns up as  
a cowboy or rodeo rider at  
something.

With a little persuasion Aunt  
and Dad could easily be talked  
into going to Kansas and  
Julia.



Fred is sure to represent "Big  
Cheek" from "in the face" —  
and Alice will be the ghost  
that was supposed to go  
with.



Sister Susie for a certainty  
will wear her latest swim  
suits — but isn't it a  
pity — I've just noticed  
that the ticket was for last  
year! Damn it!

Gibson



# STRANGER and Strangers



**NEW-STYLE SMUGGLERS** are on the border of Holland and Belgium. In the past two years, a gang of Dutchmen smuggled hundreds of drunks pigs out of their country. Method is to stuff the porkers full of crude alcohol, pop them into knapsacks, then "pussy-back" them past the late Stockard cattle, too, have been following the same path. The horns of the bovines are stuffed with heavy socks to prevent reading, their mouths are smeared with ointment. As sheep has an attraction for the cattle's two-horns, the animals are content to idly lick. Purpose? Cheap Dutch liquor is transported profitably on the blackmarket into France.

**SUGGEST FEE** in medical history was paid to the French surgeon, Jean Petit, by Augustine the Strong, elector of Saxony. Petit had performed an operation on the elector's foot in the record time of 11 minutes. He was paid a medical fee of 10,000 thalers, traveling expenses of 1,000 thalers; a diamond ring, other valuable jewelry, and a life annuity of 1,200 thalers. Sum total. Value exceeding \$40,000.

**TATTOOING RATTLESNAKES** is a pastime of US Professor Arny M. Woodbury . . . but his cause is he does it for scientific reasons. He marks the snakes with numbers so that they can be identified. In the past ten years, he has tattooed 77

retless Froens? A home-made outfit of six needle points, mounted on piano wire, vibrating on the coxing of a mechanical pump. Eight dry-cell batteries furnish the power. The needle-points punch through the tough skin and the scales to make the tattoo permanent. All victims are tattooed under the body just behind the head.

**ITZY-BITZY BITES** have been confounding the US Air Force. Recently a plane full of Army officers suddenly found the passengers were or less flat on their backs . . . beating frantically at an insistent swarm of flies, mosquitoes, grasshoppers, giant weevils and Mexican bean beetles that had unexpectedly attacked them. Three minutes later, however, the insects were flat on their backs. They had contacted with thoughtfully sprayed with a deadly DDT-spraying combination. Idea was to test methods of combating the carriers of bugs in international planes.

**ARE WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY?** Seeing that a Brighton owner of a television set suffered serious distortion at a regular time each night. Unable to trace the cause, the zone tele-ten enlisted the aid of certain television detectives. The sleuths astutely traced the disturbance to a girl's school. Distortion, they explained, was caused by missed watching combing their tresses while sitting to bed.



*If our hats are in the way, just remove them."*



## MODELLED FROM LIFE

She wanted to be an artist's model. And there's real fire and sex in her. Lucie Miller Grossman, 23, "Shelton T.," one of the winners of the 1950 students of the Art Students League New York. Lucie, only in her 20s, has been, Myra, Bessie, who became Art and "Carmen" (the new love-temptress psychiatrist) and "Lillian" (the new love-temptress psychiatrist) and "Lillian" (the new love-temptress psychiatrist) and "Lillian" (the new love-temptress psychiatrist).

By CAROLINE SEPTEMBER 1951



And why shouldn't Lucie be popular? Give her a couple of shots or a few words and she can never hold a down pose. "What's more, she can freeze her face and, even after the most horrendous act to which Lucie has, she can resume her pose precisely from memory. 'Get bored?', says Lucie. "No, I just let my mind wander and plan how I'd do the painting myself."

CAROLINE SEPTEMBER 1951 23



But there're two sides to every picture. Once Laura's through with work, she goes home to a sixth floor walk-up, single room on Manhattan's lower east side. She shares it with ex-husband Myron. When they were married, she says, they used to fight like wild cats, but now they're divorced, they love together like new birds! Appointments are primitive, but they get along. At home, Laura sees down a long road for treatment they can always use as a beach and a shell.



## pointers to BETTER HEALTH



### LIVERISH?

Feeling lousy? Well, if it's not a man of a hour of the dog that hit you, there's a simple test to diagnose your woes. By means of a dye (taken by mouth or injected into a vein), medical men can now diagnose whether the liver is really doing its job of filtering poisons or waste matter from the blood. If the liver is working properly, the dye will be removed from the blood. The test is harmless, easily applied, and may be repeated without ill-effects from time to time.

### WATER AND WEIGHT:

A professional wrestler may take off eight or ten pounds in weight during a wrestling bout and put some that ten pounds within the next 24 hours. But no wrestler has ever lost an even eight pounds in the same time. How so? The weight lost and gained is mostly water, as fat tissue of the body holds water like a sponge. In every pound of fat there is a little more than three pounds of water, so that when one pound of fat is lost, four pounds of weight is lost. Moral: To keep weight down, drink whenever you are thirsty but drink just half as much of any liquid.

### EGG-EFFICIENCY

How valuable is an egg for bodily health? More than most people suspect. The yolk of an egg is especially valuable from a vitamin standpoint.

The yolk contains vitamins A, B, C and D. In addition to assisting the liver to store up signs, it aids all foods to do their utmost in providing nourishment. So don't under-rate the egg, it deserves a front place from a body building standpoint.

### WHY A STY?

What a sty means, immediately treatment by best is effective. But what is the cause of the sty? A sty is an outward sign of inward trouble usually meaning a run-down condition—excess of eyes, general tiredness, thin blood. Regular bowel movement, fresh air, and liver oil, a general building up of the body should prevent styes.

### BACKACHE

Does every picture tell a story for you? Do you suffer from pain in the lower back without knowing what causes it? Remember that the pain may be caused either by infection (perhaps of the teeth, the tonsils or the sinuses) or it may be caused by an injury. There is an easy way of telling which. When the pain is due to injury, the patient can usually lie down, adopt a certain position and be practically free from discomfort. On the other hand, when the pain is due to infection, it becomes worse when the patient lies down, becomes red and down on the circulation and recovers the point which is often given by walking or other exercise.

The man they chose for executioner was one of their intended victim's best friends — which was worse.

J. W. REMING



## he killed BILLY THE KID

IT takes two to make a killing—the killer and the killed. When Billy the Kid was wiped out, the scores concentrated on Billy. In fact, they did more than that. They accused his killer of murder.

So let's look at it with an open mind.

William H. Sharkey was born in New York on November 21, 1853. At the ripe old age of twelve, Billy was a tough little brawler in Silver City, New Mexico. And I mean tough. He

had already slained a man to death — a blacksmith, at that — and had started to carve the 22 notches which he later boasted on his cow-punch.

Billy was soon heard of when he shot three men from ambush (they had been friends of the blacksmith). At the age of fourteen, instead of wearing a coat too large for him, a torn shirt and worn boots and pants, he had become a steady with a tall black sombrero like a top hat with a narrow brim, a brightly-colored

suit set off with a Mexican bandana, a long coat and a fancy waistcoat, metallic pants and a decorated Mexican gambelt, crested to hold two lancers.

He could shoot with both hands, though he preferred the left.

When he had to leave Mesquite—by Mesquite's good.

He rode towards Pecos—and he needed money. He saw three Indians trying to shoot to be sold. He dismounted the three — and sold the skins for them.

After a while, Billy joined up with two other unimpeachable characters — Dave O'Farrell and Charlie Bowdre (who two hours on separation. Remember? Murder).

When Billy was sixteen, he had grown to five feet six, but he was still called "Billy the Kid." The legends of rustlers, however, under-estimate him to violence. The notches increased on Billy's gun. To travel—

Two women are knife-cattle . . . as Billy discovered. He took a fancy to a fifteen-year-old blonde farmer's daughter named Caroline Wake. He was doing extremely well when a disgraced boy-drunk came upon the over-loving couple at a very awkward moment. Billy shot him dead. The girl talked. Billy just beat the pants out of town. The girl's boyfriend had not carried a gun.

Billy finally moved to Lincoln.

Billy and his two cronies got a job on the ranch of Jose Miguel Sedillo, a forty-year-old Mexican who had a wife, an eighteen-year-old son and a rather luscious fifteen-year-old daughter. Billy took one look at the youngest and said: "That's for me!"

And believe it or not, he went west-on-his straight for years.

His loading of the cattle-men and sheep-men in the county finally reached a climax in 1878.

There were two better Irish farmers. The sheep-men and rustlers were led by the Murphy-Dolan crowd. But there was a fly in their ointment. He was John H. Tansell, an Englishman, who had come into Lincoln and had opened up in opposition to Murphy.

What began as a price-cutting war slowly grew more serious. Tansell's main assistant was a man of fifty, Alexander A. McIlwain. He was Tansell's accountant, partner . . . a lawyer, once trained as a minister and deeply religious.

Murphy took the side of the sheep-men. Tansell took a side like a fortress and took the side of the rustlers. Towards the end of January, 1878, in the pool room opposite the Courthouse, Billy got into an argument with a drunken sheep-harder and shot him (dead as usual). Tansell promptly put Billy and his pals on his pay-roll as gun-men.

The sheriff of Lincoln was a man named James A. Brady—engineered into his job by Murphy. His father, Dan, Robert Brady, was the county judge. The drunk whom Billy had shot in the pool-room had had a gun in his hand. The incident passed.

There is a Bill of Sale in existence showing that Billy sold a several barrels for 12 dollars on February 14, 1878. It was bought by the local doctor. The doctor mentioned that during his rounds he had seen the sheep-men getting ready to march on Lincoln.

The sheep-men slipped into town, keeping out of sight. It was almost midnight when a man walked to the door of Tansell's store and called: "Is Mr. Tansell there? He's wanted." The man was Sheriff Brady. Tansell walked out on his porch—and went permanently down under a hail of lead.

From all sides men ran towards the distant shore. But into the street only the cowboys—a horde of them. The war was on!

It lasted for days. Billy, despite his age, took charge of the cattle-men. He managed to shoot Sheriff Brady offed with a shot in the back. The other side set sight to Mc-Sorens's house, and killed McSorens as he came out reading his Bible as his men were driven into the hole, but still fought war.

The news of the strike was so loud it reached official ears in Washington. President Hayes contacted his old friend, General Lew Wallace. Wallace was writing a book and reluctantly put aside his pen. You may have heard of the book. He called it "Ben Hur." He started for Lincoln.

Smith: The war was called off . . . with pardons all round. Billy and his pals went to Fort Sumner. They began a series of raids on the herds of the big cattlemen. Well, the ruling sheriff, didn't seem able to check them. John Charnan and other cattlemen, covered the country for a new sheriff.

Which was where Billy's Nemesis came in. The man selected by the cattlemen was Pat Garrett—no-buffalo shooting, sharp, no-half hearted-a-half cocked tail, with a large handle-bar mustache — a determined and ruthless game-officer. He was also a close friend of Billy the Kid and his gang. He knew all their secrets!

Undoubtedly Garrett was appointed for the special purpose of getting Billy the Kid.

But the Kid and his men were not easy to find. Hearing that they would be coming into Fort Sumner for Christmas, Garrett and his posse waited on them on Christmas Eve and gave Tom O'Farrell a sudden present. He died during Garret while the posse played possum. The

other five men beat it for the hills.

Garrett traced them to a hut. At dawn on Boxing Day morning, he shot Charlie Bowden dead against. The Kid, Billy Wilson, Tom Fickett and Dave Buchanan surrendered. The prisoners were taken to Santa Fe.

Billy was tried in Santa Fe and found guilty of the murder of Sheriff Brady. He was sentenced to die on May 13 in Lincoln.

Chained hand and foot, he was lodged in the courtroom of the Lincoln County Courthouse with two guards—Deputies J. N. Bell and a notorious character named Web Olinger. Olinger constantly threatened to kill Billy with the contents of his shotgun. He went out to lunch one day and the Kid got Bell's gun. Bell ran and the Kid shot him dead as usual. He then loaded Olinger as the deputy crossed the road. Garrett was out of town.

Billy could have escaped into Mexico, but he was in love with a pair of dark eyes in Fort Sumner. He went there. He had twenty-one bullets in, his gun—two short of his load.

Garrett secured the land all the way to the border, then gave up. Bill was living six miles out of Fort Sumner and was often in the town. A drunk named George Graham, in another town, heard two friends of the Kid's say he was in Fort Sumner. Graham told the information to Sheriff John W. Fox for one dollar. Fox took the story to Garrett.

Garrett, Fox and a man named Mr. Kinsey rode to Sumner. At midnight they went along to the house of Pete Maxwell, who had been a friend of both the Kid and Garrett. Garrett left his men outside while he went in to wake Maxwell. He was sitting by Maxwell's bed, in the dark room,

when he heard the Kid's voice!

Billy had walked across from his secret's place to see a stink from a dead hanging on Maxwell's porch. He climbed into the darkness and drew on them, but not knowing whether they might be friends of Maxwell's, backed off into Maxwell's bedroom. He stood at the foot of the bed — and Garrett shot him through the heart. Then ran!

On February 8, 1885, Garrett followed, he fought with one Weyers (dead); Garrett grabbed a shotgun. Brand shot him in front and heart—

and was magnificently acquitted.

Billy the Kid was buried near O'Farrell and Bowden. The cemetery was later neglected. It had twelve guarded men in it and was said to be haunted. Some drunken soldiers shot to prove the wooden cross which bore the Kid's name. But in recent years a legislature has been erected. It today says "PALESTINE O'FARRELL, Dead Dec. 1884; Charlie Bowden, Dead, Dec. 1884; William H. Kinsey, slain Billy the Kid, Dead July." The ponds are together again!

## THE PRESENT

By CLYDE WILLIAMS

JOHN.



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# Honeymoons can be curious

Ever-loving couples, racing each other for the honey. For Mrs. Vander may take note . . . and breathe.

GERALD ROSSINI



**HONEY** is sweet, and a "honey" is a month. A honeymoon, therefore, should be a "sweet month." Considering how some people on this earth spend their honeymoons, however, they are often as far from being sweet as they are from being a month in duration.

In fact, the period that one poet has called "a little bit of heaven" as, in some countries, a little bit of just the opposite.

The word "honeymoon," itself,

comes from northern Europe. In certain sections there it was once the custom for a newly married couple to get highly intoxicated immediately after the wedding ceremony, and to remain in more or less the same condition for the following four weeks. This effort was obtained with a drink called "mead." And since mead was made from honey, the first stretch of married life became known as the "honeymonth," or "honeymoon."

Back in the Fifth century, Attia

the then-queen, incidentally, had consumed most of Europe — drunk to such extent at her wedding feast that he didn't have to follow the custom of drinking it daily for the next twenty-nine days. He died from over-indulgence.

The custom of getting intoxicated immediately after getting married dates very back into Biblical times. In even older custom, however, is that whereby the groom "carries" the bride off to some hideaway, where they can spend the honeymoon far from the prying eyes of friends and relatives.

This desire of a newly married couple to be alone together—whether on a South Sea Island or at Niagara Falls—might seem as natural as to need an explanation. Yet, according to anthropologists, the custom is really a remnant of what marriage was like back in more than days.

All that time, each tribe was ruled by an Old Man. As soon as a girl was old enough, the Old Man of the tribe would take her for his own wife. Therefore the only way a young fellow could get a wife would be to grab a woman—and run.

Among the Amazon Indians, in central Chile, the "Old Man" of the tribe no longer grabs up all the girls. But the same man type of honeymoon still lingers on.

When a young man there meets a young lady who catches his heart best in double-quick time, his first step is to surround her nightly.

After a short time of this, he gets some money and some friends and goes to her house. The friends give the money to the girl's father, then women in land quarreled about why she should get married.

While the discussions go on, the father sends out the girl. When he finds her, she cries for help and her

own friends come running . . . but

In the meantime, the eager young man anxiously attempts to get the girl upon his horse, and they gallop off to the forest together—each everyone following in hot pursuit. As soon as he gets the girl far enough into the woods, however, the pursuers suddenly get tired and go back home.

A honeymoon is sometimes considered a sort of last party, to see just how well two people can stand being in one another's sole company—without exploding.

In the vicinity of Carthagen, for example, when a wedding is over, the bride is taken home by her father. The bridegroom, with friends and relatives, then goes to her house and knocks on the door. No matter how hard he knocks, no one answers. So he searches the grounds until he finds a ladder—which is always around—and climbs into the house through a window.

Inside, he looks for the girl. She plays hide and seek, but eventually is discovered, playing behind a door or under a bed.

They remain in that room together, seeing no one but each other, and getting food passed to them through a grating, for five full days.

A somewhat similar custom is observed among a few tribes in the Sahara Desert. There the just-married couple are locked up for seven days. If, on the morning of the eighth, they are still on speaking terms, the groom comes out, climbs a palm tree, cuts off the top, and brings it to his bride.

She cooks the date, which is considered a very tasty treat, and passes it around to other members of the two families.

The whole procedure simulates fast, after spending seven days and nights alone with the girl, the fellow is still

willing to risk her neck to get her the best things in life—and so they will probably have a very happy marriage together.

While having looked up together might not be the best way to spend a honeymoon, there's little doubt that most newly married couples would like to have a little privacy now and then. With the Keffers, in South Africa, however, this isn't always possible.

If a Keffe girl gets as old as 25 and still isn't married, her father becomes very worried. Maybe people think she isn't pretty enough, or that she has some hidden disfigurement, or that she hasn't been chosen. The old man decides she must get a husband as soon as possible—before her market value drops to zero.

So he figures out where he'd like for her father-in-law, and sends a gift to the man's house. If the gift isn't returned, the way is open for negotiations.

The next step is made by the potential groom's uncle, who hangs around the girl's house, watching her comings and goings, and reporting their findings back to his father.

If the young lady seems acceptable, she dresses in her most colorful clothes and, followed by friends, goes to the boy's house.

The walk is more like a funeral procession than a wedding march, since everyone, including the bride-to-be, walks constantly at the way.

When she arrives at her destination, she kneels all the way till at the house, including the "lucky ones," waiting for her. She kneels before them and takes off her clothes. Then she sits, stands, walks around, and goes through every motion they tell her to, while they comment out loud to one another about her good and bad points—just as if they were buy-

ing a horse . . . so holds married.

The women come on next. They also study her—pounding her, punching her, pulling her hair, and testing her teeth. Finally the whole family sits together, and if the girl has passed all the examinations, a feast is paid to her father and the wedding is completed.

There is still no privacy for the bride, however. Even on the wedding night, two male members of the husband's family stay with them until dawn, to make sure the marriage is actually consummated.

And all during the early part of the marriage other relatives of the groom are constantly around, during the most intimate moments, to make sure everything is proceeding according to form and that he has not been dropped.

In a good many parts of the world, a girl doesn't have much say about whom she gets for a husband.

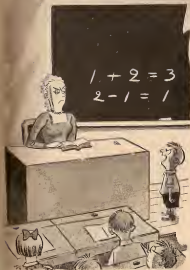
In a few places, however, "teeny-weeny contacts" have evolved, which give a girl a slight chance to modify such a wedding—if she's strong enough.

Around the Hottentots, for instance, a girl who is married off to a man she really dislikes is given one chance, and one chance only, to get rid of him.

On the wedding night, she and the groom are left alone in a small hut. If the bride—using fists and feet, teeth and nail—can keep him from having his way with her for the entire night, she will get her freedom. If she loses, she's his for life.

Such loving couples often return from their honeymoons covered with bruises, or sporting black eyes and broken bones—but very happy about the whole business, nonetheless.

After all, some girls just enjoy playing hard to get.



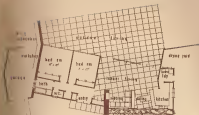
"Don't you remember? You asked me that yesterday, and I told you I didn't know!"



## a house that hugs the ground

Designed especially for a wide site with a southerly aspect, this month's CAYLAGE house conforms two bed-rooms, the primary object being to construct a home which will give relaxed ease and an opportunity for casual living. A combination of timber and stone have been used in this design. The roof is flat, built up with layers of bituminous compound and topped off with quartz crystals. Thermal insulation is provided by patent insulating materials laid above the ceiling between the rafters. To ensure privacy, the windows have been used in the

street-frontage. Bed-rooms and living room have been placed towards the north-east. The main entrance is centrally situated, allowing access to both living and sleeping sections. The floor is quarry stone, covered outside through the glass-wall and serving exterior and interior by forming a wide porch at the rear. Both bed-rooms have built-in furniture. Bedrooms and living-room have walls of glass. A built-in side-board completes the dining room and kitchen facilities include a sinkette. The bath-room has a separate shower recess and a cabinet-enclosed toilet.



THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 80)

PREPARED BY WARWICK KELLS



# WICKEDEST MAN

## in the world

JOHN ADAM



Brilliant poet, mystical doubter in magic (white and black), he was stripped of his godliness by an old judge.

THE "most wicked man in the world"—according to Britain's eye-baring judge, Mr. Justice Swinfen—the brilliant Cavendish poet, Edward Alexander Crowley, who carried far himself this stigma by his dabbling in magic, black and white—and red.

Showering up in the libel case which Crowley brought against the author, Miss Hammers, and the publishers of her book, "Laughing

Worse," the judge said: "I've never heard such blasphemy, dreadful and horrible stuff as that which has been produced by the man who describes himself as the 'prudent helter poet'."

"After forty years engaged in the administration of the law in one capacity or another, I thought I knew of every conceivable form of wickedness. I've learned in this case, to see

and you can always learn something more if you live long enough."

In her book, the author described some of the events which led up to Crowley's execution from death by the Forest in the spring of 1923.

In 1920, he had purchased an old farmhouse near the village of Glaston, and converted it into a temple called the Abbey of Thelema. A number of his disciples from England and America gathered there, including women and children.

At his bidding, Crowley was called "Beast 666" and his bedroom at the temple was called the "Temple of Mathematics." It was decorated with fantastic frescoes, some of them obscene. In the temple, a large parchment was drawn in red on the floor, with an altar in the middle bearing a book and candles.

Lawrence was buried in a bronze, and candles and round the circle. During the magical ceremonies, Crowley wore a robe with a cow. His "spiritual wife" (who was known as the "Scarlet Woman") was dressed in scarlet and acted as confederate of high priests and goddess.

Special associations were held to the end of every Friday night, and lasted for two hours. The "Wicker Theatre" (as Crowley was called) made passes with a sword and then went to each person in turn and "breathed" them in. A ritual was read by the advanced members of the cult.

These ceremonies continued until a trail of disaster started for Crowley. David Frederick Charles Lowndes had visited with the murder of a son and on the altar during one of the Friday night rituals. He drank a cup of the mother's blood and shortly after wards died.

With the help of the British Press,

Mrs. Lowndes raised a public outcry. In the spring of 1923, the early closure of the Abbey of Thelema spread, and Crowley was expelled from Italian territory by the Fascists. He was also barred from France.

In her book, "Tiger Woman," published in 1929, Miss Lowndes dramatically described the events which led up to her husband's untimely demise. "The air was thick with incense. I saw my husband, left the table (Glaston Inn). I closed my eyes till it was over. The high priestess held a bowl underneath to catch the blood. The mystic handed it to my husband who drained it to the dregs."

Crowley's death was later ascribed to natural causes, but the authorities were convinced that Crowley's occult practices were sufficiently shocking to warrant action.

Crowley made no attempt to silence his detractors until the book, "Laughing Worse," was published in 1924. Mrs. Lowndes gave evidence in the defense in the libel action by brought against author, Miss Hammers, and the publishers.

The paragraph in the book, which prompted the action, read: "Crowley had a temple in Glaston, Dorset. He was supposed to practice black magic there, and one day a baby was used to have mysteriously disappeared. There was also a goat there. This all pointed to black magic, so people said, and the village was frightened of him."

During the hearing Crowley claimed he was the "prudent helter poet," and quoted from the book where he described himself as the "prudent helter poet." Justice Swinfen dismissed him from the bench and dismissed the case.

Questions were made from Crow-

Port powers have not yet found a use for the grant of a pig; but a U.S. anti-pork team is using the first-arms of war to bring follow-up orders to liquidation. Inventory John and James Anderson treated the task of 12 men until the horses squealed with fright, then the horses were executed. The record (with volume) however was played in a re-injected version. Next day, even horses couldn't find a rat in the presence. The invention ended.

My's own book "Mystic" during the hearing. He had written: "Bloody sacrifice is the most efficacious in creating magic, and human sacrifice is best."

A further modest claim Crowley made during the case—that he had succeeded in "rendering himself invulnerable"—left the judge cold. At any rate Crowley remained virile when told he had to pay the costs of the hearing.

Crowley had a flying start in life as a master of magic.

His career in magic started when he was initiated into the "Hermetic Order of the G.D." in London on November 8, 1890. His alleged "occult powers" soon won him a prominent place in the secret brotherhood and resulted in him publishing new and books on magic.

Between these religious episodes, he found time to win fame as a mountaineer. Accompanied by the famous mountaineer, Edouard, he climbed the Alps and several Italian volcanoes. In 1893, the pair went to

Mexico, and distinguished themselves by climbing several Mexican volcanoes.

While in Mexico, Crowley founded a secret cult known as the "League of Invisible Light."

On his return to England, Crowley purchased the Manor of Rothesay on the banks of Loch Ness, in Scotland, to enable him to continue his study of magic and various religions of the world. While there, he married and went to the East to pursue his investigations.

For some time, he claimed, he lived as a Yogi in India and eventually penetrated the mysterious land of Tibet, where he was initiated into still deeper magical rites. Between his magical studies he found time to lead an expedition to climb Kanchenjunga, a hundred miles south-east of Everest.

Still pursuing his weird studies, Crowley next went to Egypt where he was initiated into several secret cults. On his return to England, he settled in London.

He published a magazine, complete with arcane wisdom, and had a prolific output of books dealing with magic (black and white). Practically all of his 110 publications were printed privately.

The quack in his make-up which led him along the path of mysticism and occultism found expression in his publication for using pseudonyms on the literary field. Over a hundred Crowley aliases were identified. Some typical examples were: Cassin, was Roussel, Pederbute, Ray, C. Verry and Count Valdemar Saint.

He alternated his periods of literary activity with visits to Paris where he joined a select Bohemian circle and gained a certain amount of fame as a painter of nudes.

Crowley's American adventure in

art was marked by mystery, scandal and murder-murder. He set himself up as a quack in Seventh Avenue, New York, and soon had a long following of month-minded New Yorkers. Chief attraction of his temple was a beautiful high priestess, whose only adornment was a ring branded on her left breast by "Master Thierion" the Crowley's devotees called her.

Highlights of his visit, however, was a period of forty days spent at Niagara, not on high cliffs overlooking the Hudson River. Armed with three pistol bullets, a baggy and of rope and fifty gallons of red paint, he painted two enormous legends on the rock surface.

The legends read:  
EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IS A  
STAR.

DO WHAT THOU WILT  
SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE  
LAW.

The local farmers regarded him as a harmless crank, and fire-minded motorists became confused with his type of "star" temple.

He lived with a friend for a week, each taking a vow of silence, the two communicating by means of eyes and one unexchangeable, "wow." The experiment was later written as a story, and was published by H. L. Burroughs.

On his return to London, and following the failure of his famous Tibet quest, Crowley next donned the garb of Mountaineer. He predicted the Second World War and announced that if the earth and the British police had been more sympathetic to him, the catastrophe might have been averted.

On December 12, 1925, he held a ceremony at Chigpaire's Needle in London, which was attended by representatives of the white, yellow,

red, brown, and black races. He proclaimed his "Law of Thelema," and handed a copy to each of the race representative present.

He stated that he had published in three times and that, each time, "war broke out nine months later through the night of his magic." He aimed badly in his timing, but continued to operate his temple in Chigpaire Lane.

When his strange and spectacular career ended on December 1, 1947, at the age of 51, followed by the death of his physician next day, sensational rumors were circulated that the "Master Thierion" had been responsible for placing a curse on the doctor, for stopping Crowley's allowance of morphine tablets.

Scotland Yard investigated but found that both men had died from natural causes. Yet even the official report failed to dispel the age-old theory that a curse is placed on those who associate with demonologists and black magicians.

In the years before his death, Crowley with a flair for effect, had contrived to secure a near-photographic air in his appearance. He adopted a painted manner and had his head shaved with a whisk on his chin. His eyes were staring and agitated he wore a large ring on his right hand, shaped into two twin-tail snakes, which he claimed had magical properties.

Magical rites were performed at his funeral by a group of his adherents and invocations made from his occult formulas.

Even after his death, his followers believed in the potency of his magic. Representatives of the press were warned to be careful in their reports of the ceremony. One newspaper said: "You had better be careful what you write—Crowley might strike at you."



• **Wandering in Wolves** It's not so much whether a wandering wench knows all the answers to all the questions, it's how she *knows* them • To which we can only add that *fast* heart never was fair lady—nor *stomped* one, either • Thus, no *double*, explaining why she wouldn't give him her number, she had *his* • Section for *City Slickers* You may be a *fine*, upstanding citizen, but it makes no difference to a *housewife* who is *middle-aged* in that period in a man's life when he'd rather not have a *road* than have to get over it • Notice from *Right-Clubber* Stuffed *down* *blondie* who *order* everything on the menu • So heading in to remark that the best western in most restaurants are the customers • *Half-Deadhead* Department, An extravagance in anything you buy which is of no *starchy* use to your wife • *Misconceives*, marriage is the only institution of attraction in which you *order* your own *puller* • And that, of course, is the reason why a man who says that he has the most wonderful wife in the world is not *starchily* sitting his own opinion—his wife thinks so, too • So, brother, remember no man should tell his friends any more than he wants his wife to learn from theirs • *Admittedly* a natural lead to our *Portion* for *Penetration* Especially the *bottom* *idea* who has been complaining that *proven* beds are too short—perhaps that's in for too long a stretch • *Overlooking*, "There's an *ethnic* type all right, he can bring on the bar and then for *honey*" • Which reminds us of a certain very *amusing* *alcoholic* of our acquaintance; he gives so much wine spilled on his suit that he never bothers to get it dry-cleaned—he *empties* *payments* to *trample* on it • *Five* Advertisement, Why not wear *leopard*; they grow on you • We know of a *centerfold* wife who claims she's never the least worried that her husband is *cheating* other women; he's too fine, too *desert* . . . and too old • And just a reminder: Experience is a *stomach* teacher, there are no graduates, no degrees . . . and a few survivors.

OUR **SHORT STORY**: Then there was the radio announcer's tiny set who was invited to say grace at dinner. "This food, folks," she announced in her clear, bell-like treble, "is coming to you through the courtesy of Almighty God."

North of  
the  
NG  
Yosemite Cave

# DEATH -DOWN DEEP

BY PAUL BELBIN  
AND STEVE OLSHANSKY

IN THE WILDERNESS COUNTRY  
NORTH OF YOSEMITE CAVE  
A MAN WAS FOUND DEAD  
IN A TRUCK, WHICH HAD BEEN  
CRASHED OVER A CLIFF. THE  
CAUSE OF DEATH WAS  
DROWNING.



THE MAN WAS FOUND DEAD  
IN A TRUCK, WHICH HAD BEEN  
CRASHED OVER A CLIFF. THE  
CAUSE OF DEATH WAS  
DROWNING.



AND DECIDES TO CO-OPERATE



DECIDES TO HIRE TRUCK TOOD  
PARTNER TRUCK TOOD GIVES HIM  
PROPOSITION AND A PHOTO  
GRAPHING THE WANTS TO  
TAKE PICTURES OF MURDER  
WANTS KATH TO WRITE A  
STORY TO COVER THEM



ON LOCATION KATH AND  
TRUCK MEET IN THE  
SHADOW OF THE BIG  
ROCKET HEADS



GIVES A QUICK WINK THE Y  
DROPS THE MASKING  
FEELING ...



LISTENING TO TRUCK TALK  
KATH REMINDS TRUCK THAT  
SHE IS VERY ATTRACTED  
TO THIS FORTNIGHT MAN



TRUCK TOOD EXPLAINS  
THAT HIS JOB WILL BE TO  
WRITE A STORY THE  
PHOTOGRAPHERS HE TAKES  
HIS TO BEING ON THE JOB



TRUCK WRITES WHAT'S  
A GUY TO HAVE THE  
TELEGRAPHERS STAND  
IN LINE



KATH TELLS TRUCK AS  
TRUCK GOES DOWN THE LINE  
THAT SHE WOULD LIKE  
HIM TO PHOTOGRAPH  
SOME THINGS SHE WANTS  
TO WRITE ABOUT TRUCK  
ISN'T VERY AGREEABLE



WHAT'S HOW YOU FEEL  
WHY SEE HOW WE CAN  
HIRE A TEAM



SUCH CONCERNED WITH  
THEIR PERSONAL WELFARE  
THEY GO INTO THE EAST -  
HERE OF THE NEWS ...



IN PROCEEDS TO  
GIVE HER INFORMATION



IGNORING KATH WHO'S  
INTERESTED TOOD BECOMES  
HIS WORK ...





FINDING A WOUNDED MAN  
BARRY RECOVERED, KATH  
DROPPED HER BLANKET. PAGE 122



USING HER CLOTHING TO  
BANDAGE THE WOUNDED,  
KATH HATE MANAGED TO  
STOP BLEEDING. PAGE 123



WHILE KATH IS HELPING  
THE WOUNDED, OTHERS  
OUTSIDE ARE DOING  
QUICKLY. PAGE 124



CRASHING THROUGH THE  
CAMBERED KATH KNEW  
THINGS AND DEWALS  
BURNING. PAGE 125



SHE DISCOVERED A  
LUNG MOOSE WIDE



HE WENT THROUGH  
THE FIRST GREENING TO  
FIND THE WATER.  
WITH HIS BULLING THE  
END OF THE HARBOR  
WAS IN WHICH THEY  
WERE TRAPPED. PAGE 126



THE EPISODE ENDS WITH  
OUT FATALITY, THOUGH  
KATH IS THE LOOSE



CLASH-BOUNDED, TOOK  
SHOCK HIMSELF ACCUSED  
OF CAUSING THE BURNING



THAT'S BRILLIANT  
TO KNOW THE OFFICE  
AND WATER



IT HAD TO BE A MARCH  
IT WAS A DEFINITE  
BURN ABOUT THE LOOSE  
WHAT WOULD CAUSE IT



KATH HURRIED TO A MORE  
EXECUTIVE AND THE  
BURN ABOUT THE LOOSE  
WAS SHE TRAPPED ON





One symbol for all



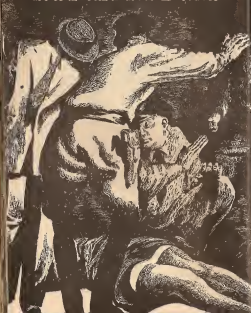
ALWAYS...IN ALL WEIR

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# dead-end for Delia



THE ALLEY NEAR THE WAREHOUSE WAS LITTERED WITH THE  
SMOKING BOTTLES, ROTTING GARBAGE AND A CHIEF CORPSE

THE only light in the alley came from the half-open windows of the faded dance hall bordering its east length. From these came shadows the clear melody of a brass and cut through the murky air of the alley. There was nothing else around that was clean.

The warehouse running the west border of the alley was of puny red brick, the alley itself littered with paper and trash, cans and bottles. It was a dead-end alley, no longer used.

The best officer was at its mouth, keeping the small crowd back, and now the police ambulence came from the west, its siren dying in a slow wail.

The best officer said, "Better riding out and back to Sergeant Kelly with you?"

"No. Why?" The driver was frowning and nibbling nervously at his lower lip.

"It's his wife," the best officer said.

He stepped forward and the patrol man hugged hard at his coat-sleeve.

"She really got worked over."

"Dead?"

"Just died, two minutes ago. How she lived that long is a wonder."

The driver shook his head, and swung out to back into the mouth of the alley.

From the west again, a red light swung back and forth, and the screen of a high speed siren pierced the night. The patrol car was making time. It cut over to the wrong side of the street and skidded for 15 feet before stopping at the back.

The cross opposite the driver had the door open before the car came to rest, and he was approaching the best patrolman while the driver killed the motor.

"Harriet? Eva Kelly. My wife—?"

"Dead, Sergeant. Two minutes ago."

Sergeant Kelly was a tall man with a thin, lined face and dark brown eyes. He stood there a moment, saying nothing, thinking of Delia, only half hearing the trumpet that was now taking a ride at Disneyland, the Home of Name Bands.

Delia, who was only 21 to his 37,

Duke, who loved to dance, Duke of the fair hair and sharp teeth—was now dead. And that was his dirge. But trumpet taking a solo.

He shook his head and felt the trembling start in his hands. He took a step toward the other end of the alley, and the policeman put a hand on his arm.

"Sergeant, I wouldn't. It's nothing to me. Unless you're a Homestead man, it's nothing you're—Sergeant, don't."

Sergeant Kelley shook off the hand and continued down the alley.

Dick Callender of Homestead was waiting in the M.R. He turned at the sound of Kelley's footsteps.

Dick said, "It's nothing to see, Pat."

Pat Kelley didn't answer him. There was enough light from the dance hall for him to see the bloody face of his wife and the red hair above it. He hadn't seen her for four months.

Then he looked at Callender. "See anything, Dick?"

"Just—tell Pat I'm sorry. Tell Pat Luke will know. Luke came to you, the second sentence, I mean."

"Mum," Pat said. The hand was playing a waltz, now.

Callender said, "We'll give it a lot of time. Homestead will shoot the works on the case."

Pat looked at him and used his thin, new, "I want a transfer, Lieutenant. To Homestead." His voice was very quiet. "You can be it."

A pair of dirty newspaper flattened legs, stirred by the night breeze. The white-clothed men were laying the stretcher alongside the body.

Callender said, "We've got a lot of good men in Homestead, Pat." He didn't say, And we want our suspects brought in alive.

But Pat could guess he was thinking it. He said, "She left me, four months ago. I'm not going to go away on it, but I'd like the transfer."

"We'll see, Pat." The lieutenant put a hand on his shoulder. "Come on. I'll ride back to headquarters with you."

They went to the lieutenant's wagon. About halfway there, Pat said, "It could have been one of those—push-up dolls, some rag-out of nowhere who'll go back to where he came from." Stems bristled at him, but he had to get the words out.

Callender didn't look at him. "You got Adams and Prokoshin checking the dance hall. They're hard workers, good men."

Pat said nothing.

Callender went on, quietly, "There must be some angle you've got on it. Your wife must have thought you knew this—this Lee, or she wouldn't have mentioned it. She didn't have enough work left to waste any of them on some trivial matter."

"My wife knew a lot of people I didn't," Pat said. "My statement will include everything I know, Lieutenant. Have her sent to the House Moriarty on Seventh Street, will you? I'll talk to her mother tonight."

"She was living with her mother, Pat?"

"No. I don't know where she's been living these past few months. But it wasn't with her mother. I wish to God it had been, now."

They made the rest of the trip in silence.

It was a little before midnight when Sergeant Pat Kelley, of the pawn shop and hotel set-up, climbed the worn stairs of the four-story building on Vine. The place was quiet, there were working people and they got to bed early.

Miss Revolt lived on the third floor, in two rooms overlooking the flower backyard and the parking lot beyond. Pat knocked and waited.

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There was the sound of a *whisper* here, and then Mrs. Rowell opened the door. Her head, every fibre was cramped, but her eyes quickened in sudden alarm at the sight of Pat.

"Pat, what is it?"

"I'd better come in," he said. "It's Dora, Mrs. Rowell. Someone's happened."

She pulled her wrapper tightly around her, as though to stuff her body against his words. "Come in, come in. But what? Pat, she's not—it's not—"

He came into the dimly lighted room with the rumpled velvet couch, the gaiting table with the brass lamp, the worn wicker chair, the faded, dull brown rug. In this room, Della Rowell had grown from an infant to the beauty of the bloom. In this room, Papa Rowell had died, and Pat had courted the Rowell woman.

"Get down, Mrs. Rowell," Pat said now.

She sat down on the wicker rocker. "She's dead, I know. She's dead. My Della, oh Lord, she's dead." She rocked, then, back and forth, her eyes closed, her lips moving, an indescribable words coming out.

Pat sat on the wicker lounge. "She was found in—she was found near the Broadway dance hall. She's dead. There'll be detectives coming to see you; other detectives, Mrs. Rowell."

Her eyes opened, and she stopped rocking. "Murdered—Della? It wasn't an accident? Murdered—Della?"

He nodded. Her eyes closed again, and a struggled sound came from her tight throat, as she tugged at the cords in the chair.

Pat got to her knees; she hit the floor. He put her on the studio couch, and was washing with a glass of water when her eyes opened again.

Her voice was a whisper. "How did it happen?"

Turned British politician, Mr. Ballfour was being shown the Empire State building in New York. He was told on height; how many windows it had, how many tons of steel and concrete in what an amazingly short time it had been built. " . . . And, to top everything else off, it's absolutely, inflexibly indestructible by fire," ended his guide in a breathless gasp of strength. "Try?" murmured Mr. Ballfour only. "Yes, a real pity."

"She was hit with something heavy, someone. Nobody knows anything else. But there's something I wanted you to know."

Fear in her eyes, now. She said nothing.

"Before she died, Della mentioned a name. It was Louis. I told the officer in charge the name meant nothing to me. I told him I didn't know any Louis."

The lightened eyes moved around Pat's face. "Why did you say that?"

"Because they're going after that one. She's a girl's wife and they won't be pulling any punches. This man is cheap, California, can be awful rough. I'd rather talk to Louis, myself."

"But why should they bother Louis?"

"Della mentioned the name, before she died. They're not going to overlook anything and they're not going to let go."

"All right, Pat. I had a feeling, when you knocked, something had happened. I've had a feeling about Della, for years. You can go now."

Records left in the Arctic in 1889 by Admiral Robert Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, have been examined. The papers, stuffed in a whiskey bottle, were found on St. Lawrence Island, about 450 miles from the Pole. Also in the cache were copies of notes of Sir George Monro, captain of the British ship, "Alert," in the Arctic in 1875-1876. Peary had found the cache in which the "Alert" notes were originally packed and had taken the originals with him.

"I'll be all right. I'll want to be alone."

She was under control, now, this woman who'd met many a tragedy, who'd just met her biggest one. The forbidding horns of the coastline glared together was carrying her through the sea.

Pat went from there to Sycamore. He was off duty, and driving his own car. On Sycamore, near Seneca, he parked in front of an old, red brick apartment building.

In the small lobby, he pressed the button next to the card which read: Miss Lois Weldon.

Her voice sounded metallic through the wall speaker. "Who's there?"

"It's Pat, Lois. Something has happened."

He was at the door when it opened. She was waiting in her lighted doorway when he got off the self-service elevator on the fourth floor. She was wearing a narrow, flared robe piped in white, and no make-up. Her dark, soft hair was piled high on her head.

His voice was quiet. "What's happened?"

"Lois's been murdered."

She stretched and put one hand on the door frame for support. "Pat, when—how—?"

"Tonight. In the alley next to the Drexelham bathroom. Stopped to drink. She didn't die right away. She mumbled over some before she died."

"My name? Came in, Pat? Her name was thirty."

There wasn't much that could be done about the apartment's arrangement, but color and taste had done their best work in appearance. Pat sat on a low seat, near the paradi-  
siacness.

Lois stood. "Now, what did she say?"

Pat frowned. "She said, 'Tell Pat I'm sorry. Tell Pat Lois will know.' She told that to Lieutenant Callender of Hamden, before she died. He asked me who Lois was, and I told him I didn't know."

"Why?"

"I was trying to protect you. It might have been drunk. But they're going to be caught in the end."

She sat down in a chair close by, slumping at him. "I saw Lois two days ago, Thursday afternoon. She told me then that she was sorry she'd left you. Could it have been that, Pat?"

"It could have been. Yes, that's probably what she meant. What else did she tell you?"

"Nothing. She was very vague. She'd been drinking, Pat."

"Drinking? That's a new one for her. Was she working?"

"I didn't get that impression. She didn't tell me where she was living, either. Do you know?"

Pat shook his head, staring at the floor. The three of them had grown

up in the same block on Vine, thought they weren't of an age. Lois had been twenty-three, and Lois was —let's see, she was thirty and two fairly well paid secretary to a vice president of a fast publishing firm. When Pat was twenty-two and freshly an orphan, he'd been Lois' hero, who'd been fifteen. As thirty-three, in another kind of orphanage, an Army, he'd been Lois' hero, and she'd been fourteen.

At the moment, he was an old man, and nobody's hero.

Lois said, "I guess you need a drink." She rose. "Don't try to think tonight, Pat. It won't be any good."

"I was without her for four months," he said, nearly to himself. "I got through that. I don't know about this. I don't seem to have any feelings at all. It's like I've died."

His back was to him. "I know. That's the way I felt four years ago." She poured a stiff jolt of whiskey in the bottom of a tumbler.

"Four years ago?" He was only half listening.

"When you married her." She had no expression on her face as she walked over to him. Her hand was steady, holding out the drink.

He looked up to meet her gaze. "Lois, what are you?"

"I just wanted you to know," she said, "and now I'm glad you didn't tell that officer you knew me. That's a promise I was born on to. It will warm me, this winter."

"Lois—" he protested.

"Drink your drink," she said quickly.

"Bottoms up."

He stared at her and at the glass. He lifted it high and drained it. He could feel its warmth, and then he started to tremble.

"You're one of those black Irish

men," Lois said softly, "who can go all the hell over something like that. And wind up in the gutter. Or someone pointed a little better and decided she was a girl headed for doom from the day of her birth and all you really loved was her mother."

"Keep talking, Lois. You're all worked up. I'd tell anybody else who talked like that, but I know you loved her, too."

"Who didn't love her?" She was the most beautiful thing alive. But she was a kid, and she'd never be anything else. Even now you can see that, can't you?"

Pat stared at his empty glass, and rose.

"Thanks for the drink," he said, and walked to the door. There he paused, faced her. "It was probably a silly promise, warning you. There'll be a million people who can tell them who Lois is. I'm sorry I got you up."

"Pat," she said, but he was through the door.

He caught a glimpse of her as he stepped into the elevator. She was like a statue, both hands on the door frame, watching him wordlessly . . .

The Chief called him in, next morning. He was a big man and a blunt one. He said, "Callender tells me you want a transfer to Hamden for the love hang."

Pat nodded. "Yes, sir."

"How is it you didn't tell Callender about this Lois Weldon last night? A half dozen people have told him about her name."

"I wasn't thinking last night, sir."

The Chief nodded. "You're too close to it, Sergeant. For anybody else, that would be withholding evidence. I'm overlooking it. But I'm dropping your request for a temporary transfer to Hamden."

Scene: A cold West Saloon.  
Enter: Very Bad Badkiss,  
shaking from the hip. Armed  
desk, Badkiss yells: "Gee!  
Gee! All praise dirty  
skunka outer here!" Cood-  
ing customers seem badly  
through windows into Far  
Blue Tundra . . . except one  
happy inmate at the bar.  
"Well, waterfront it?" asks  
Badkiss, brandishing smoking  
gun at him. "Not bad," con-  
fesses inmate liberally. "But  
there was a hell of a lot of  
them, wasn't there?"

Fat stared at him, saying nothing.  
The Chief stared back at him.  
"You'll want a few days' leave."  
"Maybe more." He started the  
bar.

The Chief frowned and looked at  
his desk top. His eyes came up  
again. "I don't like an inmate at  
you at a time like this. But why  
more? Were you planning to work  
on this outside of the department?"

Fat nodded.  
"If I gave you a direct order not  
to, that would be unauthorized,  
Sergeant."

Fat said nothing.  
The Chief said, "There are my  
orders."

Fat took out his wallet and un-  
zipped the bag. He laid it on the  
Chief's desk. "This isn't my, ah,  
after fifteen years." He stood up,  
momentarily realizing what a direct  
order speech that had been.

"You're being dramatic," the Chief  
said evenly. "The thing that makes  
a good officer is impertinence. Last

night you tried to cover a friend.  
In your present mood, you might go  
running on a half-baked lead and  
do a lot of damage. This department  
can't run that way. But it's your de-  
cision, Sergeant." He picked up the  
badge.

Fat started for the door, and the  
Chief's voice stopped him. "It would  
be smart to stay out of Lieutenant  
Prokhorov's way."

Fat went out without answering.  
He stood there, a big man full of  
headquarters, feeling like a stranger  
for the first time in fifteen years. It  
was then he remembered Louis say-  
ing, "You're one of those black in-  
mates who can go all to hell . . ."

He wasn't that complicated, who-  
ever she knew it or not. His wife  
had been killed and it was a per-  
sonal business with him. His job for  
fifteen years had been to protect the  
city from violence and threat and  
chaos, and this time it was  
clear to leave. Only a fool would  
expect him to continue checking pawn  
shops, he hadn't thought the Chief  
was a fool. But then, it wasn't the  
Chief's wife.

Defeating Prokhorov came along  
the hall and stopped at the sight of  
Fat.

Fat asked, "What did you find out  
at Dremond last night, Steve?"  
Prokhorov looked his lower lip,  
frowning.

"Orders, Steve?" Fat asked quietly.  
"From the lieutenant?"  
Prokhorov didn't answer that. "Did  
your transfer go through?"

"No. I've left the force. Don't you  
want to talk about Dremond? I  
won't remind you how long we've  
known each other."

"Keep your voice down," Pro-  
khorov said. "I'll see you at Joe's at  
one-thirty."

"Sure. Thanks, Steve."

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A WARNING  
TO MEN  
IN MID LIFE

At about 30 years of age most men have a limited ability to satisfy women. At the same time, men do not regard women, fully capable of sexual intercourse and even of having children, as their equals. They rather regard them as their subordinates, and this attitude toward women, including sexual relationships, and toward their careers and personal freedom, has little change in men interested in research. Only 50% frequently have sexual intercourse at the age of 30 and there are many men of this age who do not have sex at all.

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She told him, "so you could have your breakfast in bed."

"There's always time," she told him. "That night was I'm happy with you."

After that, Pat had been conscious of the name. He saw it on sheet music, and it disturbed him. He heard Delia talk to friends about the composer she knew, Elgoy, as though that was her world.

He swung his coupe away from the curb and headed toward the Dorr. He knew the building Doria had pointed it out to him once.

It was about eleven stories high with terrace apartments overlooking the bay. Helgy had one of the terrace apartments.

There was a clerk in the quiet lobby, too, and his glance said Pat should have used the service entrance.

Pat said, "Would you phone Mr. Helman and tell him Della Kelley's husband would like very much to talk to him?"

The clerk studied him for a moment before picking up the phone. He looked surprised when he said, "Mr. Helgeson will see you, sir."

The elevator went up quickly and quietly, and Fox stepped out onto the lush, sculptured carpeting of the top floor. There was a man waiting for him there, a thin man with blood hair as a crow cut, and short blue dress.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1038.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

"You been reading the paper, Ma? I really don't know what to say, Sergeant."

"I don't either," Poi said, "except to ask you what you might know about it."

They were walking along the hall, now. They came to the entry hall of the apartment, and Halgerson closed

the dear beloved (she), there he  
laid his hands.

"I've seen her a few times, Sergeant, since she—she left you. There was nothing well, nothing wrong about it."

"That part doesn't matter," Per said. "You not looking for the man who started with her, I'm looking for the man who killed her."

They went into a low, long living room with a beamed ceiling, with floor-length windows facing on the terrace. Helms sat in a chair near the large, blanketed mahogany stove.

"I can't help you with that," he said. "I danced with her, at Dreamland. I don't know what attraction the place had for me, except it was the only music I knew as a kid. I never probed myself for any reason. She was a wonderful dancer. I didn't think of her beyond that. That sounds phony, I know. But—" His voice died.

"You surprised the Harrods section  
hasn't sent a man to get you, or have  
they? You said you'd been reading  
about it."

<sup>10</sup> "The muscle talk." *Doc*, "You should hear?"

"You're pretty well known, and they have your picture."

"I'm not known down there, not generally. But as the songwriter, I'm just another punk, just Helge, down there. A rather young punk." He stared at Pri. "But if you know, they know."

Pat shook his head. "I've left the house I asked to be assigned to this case and was refused."

"Oh," Helgeson rubbed his forehead heavily. "She told me, when she phoned to book a date yesterday, that she was going back to you. I thought."

"Yesterday?" Pat interrupted. "We told you that, yesterday?"

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quietly with disheveled eyes.

Pat could see the police in the room and he had a passing moment of panic. "Where was the tramp?"

"The Empire Court, over on Madison."

"Working, was that?"

"I don't think so. She never remembered it, if she was. She was kind of out of it about all that."

Pat looked at Helgeson levelly. "Was she—living alone?"

Helgeson took a deep breath. "I don't know. I never went in, once there. She was always busy when I called for her." He turned pale and his voice was hoarse.

Pat felt something moving through him, but he couldn't hear there all. Everybody had loved Della.

He said quietly, "There's nothing you know?" She must have mentioned some names, or what she was doing. What the hell did you talk about?"

"We didn't talk much. We danced, that's all. Sergeant, believe me, if I could help, I would." His voice was ragged. "If you know how much I wanted to help." He shook his head. "There isn't anything I know, not a damned thing."

"All right, I am believing that. If there's anything you hear, or happen to remember, anywhere at all, please call." He gave him the number.

He went from there to the Empire Court, on Madison. It was a fairly modern, U-shaped building of grey stone, set back on a deep lot. There was a department car among the cars at the back.

The name in the lobby read Della Arnold. Pat pressed the button and the door opened.

It was on the second floor and he walked up. There were some locked doors standing for private, and there was Lieutenant Callender, his back to the doorway, standing in the

middle of the dining room.

He turned and saw Pat. His face showed nothing.

"Anything?" Pat asked him.

"Look, Pat, for the love of—"

"You look," Pat said. "She was my wife. You got a wife, Lieutenant?"

"I'm married to my second, now." He shook his big head and ran a hand through his hair. "The Chief and you'd arranged."

"That's right."

"You've been a cop for 15 years. You're acting like a rookie."

"I've only been a husband for four years, Lieutenant. I'm not getting to your way."

"We'll probably get a million prints, all but the right ones. We found a dressing robe we're checking, and some pyjamas. The lieutenant's eyes looked away. "I'll talk to the Chief. Pat, I'll see that you get your job back."

"I don't want a high-post. Thanks, anyway, Lieutenant." He kept seeing Della in the room and somebody else, some familiar, familiar somebody, and the goldenrod came again and he knew he wouldn't have the stomach to look in any of the other rooms.

He turned his back on the lieutenant and went down the steps to the lobby and out into the hot, bright day. They were right about it, of course. A cop shouldn't be as a lonely guy any more than a murderer should. Another was to assist in the business.

He sat in the car for minutes, trying to get back to reality, trying to forget that some apartment and the lieutenant's words. The brightness of the day seemed to put a damp outline on things, to give them a sense of unreality, like a lighted stage setting.

He heard last night's trumpet again, and shivered the motor.



The alley was bright, new, but no cleaner. The voices of the freight handlers on the street side of the warehouse were drowned by the racket of the huge trucks banging past. He walked to the alley's dead end and saw, for the first time, the door that led from the dinner hall, a few feet.

It was open, new, and he could see some men in there, sprinkling the floor with some powdered stuff. There was the sound of a huge rotary brush polisher, but it was outside his line of vision.

He went in through the open door, along a wide hall that flanked the west edge of the lunchroom. The men looked at him curiously as he stood there, wondering what it must have been last night. He could almost hear the music and see the dim lights and the crowded floor.

Along this edge, the floor was raised and there were seats up here, for the speculative trader, looking over the field, discussing the old favorites and the new finds, wondering what happened in this tumultuous town and that one. Some had married and not retired.

One of the workers called over, "Looking for the boss, mister?" "Thank you."

"Won't be in this afternoon. The boss's boss full of cups and he went out to get some fresh air."

"Okay." Pat turned and went out. It was nearly five, now. He turned the car in a U-turn and headed for Harbor. He parked in a lot near Harbor and South, and walked the two blocks to Curtis-Hunted, Park.

Lois was hardly typing when he opened the door to the outer office. She looked up at his entrance, and her face seemed to come alive, suddenly.

"Pat?" She got up and came over to the railing.

"I was pretty rough last night. I thought a drink and dinner might take me back to where we were. Part way, anyway."

"It will, it will. Oh, Pat, if you know what last night—" She put a hand on his on top of the railing.

The door to Pat's right opened, and a man stood there. He had a mustache, wide face and string-gray hair. He said, "You can go any time, Lou. I guess Mr. Curtis won't be back."

"Thank you, Mr. Hunted," she said. "It's so good to be a minute."

He smiled, and closed the door. "My love, the VP," she whispered. "Isn't he handsome?"

"I suppose." Pat could feel her hand trembling.

She said softly, "You're better, aren't you. You're coming out of it."

"The better," he said. "The whole town at one tilted alley."

"Della knew a lot of men-of-people. I'll be with you in a minute."

They went to the Leap Pool, an unpretentious restaurant nearby.

They had a martini each, and Lou told him, "Their space file are the best in town."

She seemed interested. She said, "It's going to be all right. It's going to take some time, and then you're going to be really happy. Pat, I'm going to see that you're happy."

He ordered another pair of drinks, and they finished those before the ribs came. They went from the Leap Pool to a spot on the west side, and Pat tried very hard to get drunk. But it didn't work, the alcohol didn't touch him.

They went back to Lois' place. He sat with her in the car in front of

her apartment and lit a cigarette.

"Leave me up," she said. "I'll make some coffee."

He shook his head. "I know Hunted was paying for that apartment. Della was living in. I've known it for two months, Lou. And you did see, didn't you?"

Her silence was his barrier. "You probably thought Hunted killed her, and you've told the police nothing. Della probably told you yesterday or the day before that he was coming back to me. But you didn't tell me that. Was it yesterday you saw her?"

"The day before. I didn't want her to come back, Pat. And I didn't tell you about my boss because he's got a family, because he's a fundamentally decent man."

"You didn't want her to come back, because of me?" Pat's voice was hoarse. "You poor damned fool, you don't know me, do you? No matter what she was, Lou, I'll be married to her the rest of my life. But you were the one who could have told me she was coming back. You could have saved her life."

"Pat."

Get out, Lou. Get out—quick! She scrambled out the door off.

Back at his apartment, he wrote a note and phoned it to headquarters. The note read:

Lieutenant Callahan:

I wanted to work with Hamilton because I thought it would be safer that way. I could see how close you boys were getting. But it doesn't matter now, because I've no desire to escape you. I killed my wife with a wrenching bar which you'll find in the luggage desk of my car. I couldn't stand the thought of her loving anyone else and I wasn't sure enough to rid myself of her. The checking I've done to-day reveals to me I would probably have escaped detection. I make this confession of my own free will.

Sergeant Patrick Kelly.

He waited then, 28 in hand. He waited until he heard the wail of the siren.

Then he put the muzzle of his 38 to the soft roof of his mouth, and pulled the trigger.

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# Talking Points

## WAKE, SUBS . . .

A new strategy of warfare is being planned for the ocean depths and naval experts are already arguing whether the conventional battle fleet (even with aircraft carriers) may not be outmoded. Some naval men have even gone so far as to say that the success or failure of any future war may be decided by new submarines craft under the surface of the seas. Obviously, to an ocean-bound nation such as Australia, the validity of these arguments is of primary importance. For the latest details disclosed on a highly high-tech subject, read Mark Hope's "Mine-made Menace in the Ocean Depths" . . . an sophisticated account of what new perils may be in store.

## SAVAGE SUNLIGHT . . .

Africa, someone has said, is the Parent Mother of the Earth, the source of all life . . . but death as well as life is hidden in the mysteries of her fond heart. And never did death come in a more macabre and hideous guise than in the story which Lester Way tells of "The Black Prince of Silence." It is a grotesque incident of French colonial history . . . and one which, like other tales, would be hard to equal in the annals of any nation. Yet it is cold, stark fact . . . another grim reminder of man's bestiality to man. Lester Way

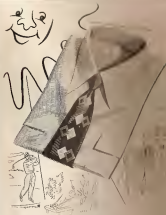
withdrew many of his facts from an old French Army surgeon who came abroad in the location where the brutalities occurred.

## ALL LOVE

What with one thing and another, homosexuals are noticeably interesting . . . but don't think that they all run in the same mould. Some people have queer ideas about what constitutes the ideal homosexuality and most of the questions of them have been collected in Donald Robinson's "Homosexuals Can Be Curious." So read it . . . and then, when you're on your own, you happy, happy people, don't complain about the weather. There's more than killing and oppression being perpetrated on the members of Ropes.

## MYSTIC MURDER

The aged skills of black magic and devil-worship are by no means dead and have a habit of cropping up in some of the least suspected places in the modern world. For the story of one of the greatest (and most fearful) practitioners of the art who lived not so many years ago, read John Adam's account of "The Master Deceiver" . . . the strange Alexander Crowley . . . whose name sounds like the image of a horror-demoniac and yet who saved the world in the early part of this century.

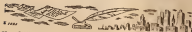


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